

Newport Mercury

VOLUME CXLIX--NO. 31.

NEWPORT, R. I., JANUARY 12, 1907.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,360.

The Mercury.

PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

182 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and forty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the city, and with few exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 265, Order Sons of St. George—Perry Jeffery, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 13, Knights of Macabees—George G. Wilson, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WASTON, No. 679, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Macomber, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Alexander Macdonald, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss B. M. Carey, President; Miss M. A. Sullivan, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

DEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Robert P. Peckham, Master Workman; Perry B. Dawley, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALBORO LODGE, No. 13, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E. Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Little G. Curry. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REYNOLDS LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—William Chapman, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—St. Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett L. Burton, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.

CLAS McLEOD, No. 163—James Graham, chief; Alexander Gilles, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Called to Rome.

Rev. Walter Lowrie, rector of Trinity Church, has received a call to St. Paul's within the Walls at Rome. The notice of his election as rector was received by him in a cablegram last Saturday and after having it confirmed by Bishop Potter he notified the vestry of Trinity Church and tendered his resignation to take effect the last of the month.

The ninth annual ball of the Newport Horticultural Society was held in Masonic hall Wednesday evening, with a large attendance. The hall was decorated with palms and potted plants. At nine o'clock the grand march was formed, being led by Mr. Daniel J. Coughlin and Mrs. William J. Albin. Dancing followed in an early hour in the morning, music being furnished by the Harry K. Howard orchestra.

Mr. Howard Langley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland S. Langley, celebrated the seventeenth anniversary of his birth at his home on Chase street Wednesday evening, when he entertained some friends at a turkey supper, after which refreshments were served and a pleasant evening spent. He was the recipient of a number of pretty gifts.

Monday was motion day in the Superior Court and Judge Willard B. Tanner was the justice in attendance. The defendant's demurrer in the case of the Police Commissioners vs. the City of Newport was overruled and the case will be tried. Louis Potter was granted a divorce from Leah Potter.

The Reynolds wharf property has been purchased by O. A. Easterbrooks and W. C. Scott and will be the site of the storage houses of a new ice company. Articles of incorporation will be taken out, the incorporators being nearly all fishermen.

Bids have been opened in Washington for the addition to the postoffice here, which was authorized by recent act of Congress. The lowest bidders were Darling & Glade of Fall River. It is expected that the contract will be assigned shortly.

It begins to feel a little more like January and less like April. The month came in very soft and balmy and had continued warm until the last of the week.

Prince and Princess Cantacuzene (Miss Julia Dent Grant) returned to Europe the past week, after an extended visit to this country.

City Government Inaugurated.

Mayor Clarke Sworn In and New Charter in Full Effect—Representative Council Meeting Lasted Until Nearly 2 a. m.

The city government under the new charter was duly inaugurated on Monday last and started off the year with a very evident intention of doing business in a business-like way. The first meeting of the representative council was an interesting one and the members gave close attention to the duties devolving upon them. The evening session was the longest ever held in the city, adjournment being taken a little before two o'clock in the morning. At that hour nearly all the business had been transacted and the remainder was delegated to the board of aldermen. It was very evident that the old "combline" was broken, and the city officers who had depended upon the "combline" for election were turned out of office. The best of good feeling existed among the members of the council, and the supporters of defeated candidates were entirely free from bitterness. There was an immense crowd of spectators at both sessions of the council, and many of them remained until adjournment.

The city hall was decorated with palms and potted plants for the inauguration of the new government and in the council chamber there were American flags behind the platform. The old common council desks had been removed and in their place were 155 very comfortable chairs for the members of the representative council. Seats were reserved for the board of aldermen at the right of the platform. On the platform were chairs for the retiring mayor, the new mayor and the chairman of the council. The room was not crowded by the members of the council, although some were obliged to sit beneath the gallery where it is difficult to hear. Coat rooms were provided for the use of members but the confusion when recess was taken was very great.

The old city council met at 11.30 and the report of the special committee on the new railroad station was received and referred to the next board of aldermen. Several bills were ordered paid and President Gladding was presented with an engrossed copy of resolutions by the common council. The city council then adjourned sine die.

Promptly at 12 o'clock noon City Clerk David Stevens called the council to order and called for the credentials. The roll was then called and the members were sworn in.

There were three nominees for chairman of the council, William P. Sheffield, Jr., Frank P. Gladding and J. Joseph M. Martin. The result was Sheffield, 97; Gladding, 43; Martin, 49; and Col. Sheffield was declared elected, 95 votes being necessary for a choice. On motion of Mr. Gladding the election was made unanimous.

Col. Sheffield assumed the chair and thanked the council for his election. He then called for nominations for city clerk and David Stevens was re-elected by acclamation.

Mayor Cottrell escorted Mayor-elect William P. Clarke into the council chamber and they took seats on the platform. Mayor Cottrell administered the oath to City Clerk Stevens and to Mayor-elect Clarke. Mayor Clarke then called for credentials of the board of aldermen and administered the oath to them. Prayer was offered by Rev. E. H. Porter, D. D.

Mayor Clarke read his inaugural address as follows:

I desire, first of all, to express my most heartfelt and sincere thanks to the people of Newport for their expression of confidence in me, as shown by my election to this important office. I assure them that in accepting this office I am thoroughly aware of the importance of it, and also of the labors and responsibilities awaiting me in performing my duties. I have every confidence that, with the hearty cooperation of every individual in both the Board of Aldermen and the Representative Council working together for the best and most economical government for Newport, we may be able to render a satisfactory account of our stewardship.

The call or necessity for an inaugural address by the mayor has been removed by the adoption of that instrument of law under which our city will be governed during the year 1907.

The mayor has really a dual position under the new charter, as mayor and as alderman. The principal duty of the mayor is to have a general supervision over all the city officials, with the power of removal of any official for just cause. The duty of the mayor, officiating as an alderman, is to advance every idea he is capable of for the betterment of the city. Such ideas will be brought up and discussed in the Board of Aldermen, to the end that they may be acted upon by that board if, in their judgment, action be desirable. The endorsement of the Board of Aldermen would result in submission at once to the Representative Council for action by that body, thus placing any idea of merit speedily in the way of being of use to the community. As a matter of fact, desirable changes have been repeatedly advocated in inaugural addresses and have never been acted upon, solely because the majority of the city government was not of the same political faith as the mayor, and the community as usual has been the loser.

I consider that I should state my position on the new charter so that there will be no misunderstanding as to my position on that matter.

The new charter was adopted by a very decisive majority at the special election in June, and in consideration of the fact that all of the present Board of Aldermen, and a majority of the Representative Council, are men who were known to have been in favor of the new charter, I shall consider that the people as a whole desire as strict an adherence to the spirit and intent of that charter as is possible to determine. In view of which fact I shall conduct the affairs of my office to conform with that expressed desire.

Chapter 103 of the General Laws of the State imposes upon me the appointment of a building inspector. I shall have to devote from my intended plan of not making any recommendation for action by the city government, in so far as this one matter is concerned. I had intended to make no appointment for this office until such time as suitable building restrictions were put in operation here, but as I have been given every assurance that such restrictions are now being prepared, and will be submitted shortly for your consideration, I shall make the appointment, and urge you to grant sufficient power to the inspector to carry out the law, passed for the purpose of public safety, but up to this time almost inoperative in Newport.

1907 is the initial year under a change of government. Not only are our own citizens anxiously watching to see what success we shall accomplish, but many other cities are vitally interested in the outcome. We have a great responsibility entrusted to us. No more Democratic form of government was ever tried than this under which we are to work. If we, as the newly elected, make a failure of this year's work, one of two things is proven: either we are not in any way suitable or competent to conduct the city's affairs under this new charter, or the whole system of government by the people is wrong, for no city is so completely an example of the American idea of government by the people as Newport is to-day.

Today marks the arrival at the cross roads of the affairs of our city government. From here stretch out the two ways on which you may travel. One is marked with the sign boards of Blind Political Subservience (which has been painted over the old sign of Individuality, almost blotting it out), Personal and Petty Jealousies and Self-Aggrandizement, and this road ends at incompetency, mismanagement and debt. The other road is marked with but one sign, and that is Conscientious Action on Everything, and this road leads to Advancement and Good Government. Consider well to-day which road you will take.

At the conclusion of the inaugural address the council resumed business and adopted the rules of order which had been prepared by the committee of fifteen. A recess was then taken to 7.30 in the evening.

At the evening session there was a large crowd in attendance. The gallery was completely filled and the rear of the council chamber was filled with spectators so close in contact with the council that there was talk of some of them having voted with the council. There were many in the aldermanic chamber and more outside in the corridors. The council chamber was very hot and close, although windows and doors were open. During the evening while the balloting was going on the members made frequent visits to the corridors for fresh air. All the members of the council were present except two, one of whom was ill and the other in Europe.

The council was called to order by Chairman Sheffield and one member who was absent at noon was sworn in. The resolution fixing the salaries of mayor at \$1200 and the board of aldermen at \$900 was passed. There was considerable opposition to the amount of the aldermen's salaries. The first motion was for \$1000 but this was voted down. A motion to fix it at \$500 was presented and George Gordon King moved to amend by making it \$600. Dr. Brackett, apparently speaking for the Municipal Association, urged a reasonable salary and on roll call the amendment was carried 125 to 67.

An ordinance creating the office of tree warden was referred to a special committee consisting of P. H. Caswell, J. P. Cotton, A. B. Emmons, W. H. Young and W. J. Lynch.

The resolution fixing the salaries of the city officers was passed after considerable discussion, being the same as last year with the exception of the city treasurer who was given an allowance of \$50 per month for clerk hire. The salary of the inspector of plumbing was made \$1200 to cover the amount heretofore allowed for horse hire. The usual resolutions for the year's business were passed as follows: Authorizing the committee of 25 to investigate and report on the condition of the city finances and report ways and means; authorizing the board of aldermen to procure bids for receiving the city deposits, paying checks and advancing funds; to advertise and contract for cutting crushed stone, for paving gravel, for forage for the highway department, for forage for the fire department, for fuel for the city hall and overcoats for the poor; authorizing the city treasurer to hire funds as authorized by the board of aldermen from time to time, and to draw certain income and dividends.

A resolution was passed providing for the printing of the city manuals, 300 to

have leather tuck covers, and 200 to be bound in cloth.

A resolution for dredging along the south side of Long wharf was referred to the committee of 25. An ordinance in amendment of Chapter 8 to reference to the closing of the city treasurer's books was passed. An ordinance was passed appropriating \$38,750 to run the city during the month of January until the regular appropriations can be made.

Chairman Sheffield announced the appointment of the committee of 25, provided by the new charter to consider financial matters, as follows: First ward—F. P. Gladding, E. N. Lawton, Robert Kerr, W. P. Carr, H. C. Buckleberry.

Second ward—T. P. Peckham, H. L. Dyer, T. B. Congdon, Angus McLeod, H. G. Wilks.

Third ward—G. A. Brackett, H. F. Eldridge, C. E. Lawton, W. J. Walsh, E. A. Sherman.

Fourth ward—George Gordon King, A. K. Quinn, D. E. Doherty, J. B. Buckleberry, N. E. Dwyer.

Fifth ward—J. J. Martin, M. P. Vaughan, M. J. Murphy, Harry Isler, C. O. Schultz.

At 9 o'clock the election of city officers began and lasted until 1.50 in the morning. For several of the offices there were many candidates and a number of ballots had to be taken to secure a majority. For city treasurer, John M. Taylor was elected by acclamation, being the only nominee.

For street commissioner the nominees were William Hamilton, James McLeish, J. K. Sullivan, M. P. Vaughan, J. F. Sullivan and J. E. Sullivan. The tellers for the evening were William L. Pike, Harry G. Wilks, Edward A. Sherman, William H. Clarke and J. J. Sullivan. There were seven ballots taken but one of them was thrown out because there were more votes than there were members present. On the last ballot the vote stood, J. K. Sullivan 115, Hamilton 69, J. F. Sullivan 16, McLeish 2, Vaughan 1; and J. K. Sullivan was declared elected.

William P. Denman was appointed doorkeeper at a salary of \$50.

Clark Burdick was elected city solicitor on the second ballot, receiving 129 votes to 43 for J. Stacy Brown, 17 for C. H. Koelme, and 8 for F. N. Nolan. John C. Burke was elected judge of probate on the third ballot: Burke, 97; W. B. Harvey, 16; Max Levy, 10; J. P. Mahoney, 6; M. A. Sullivan, 59.

Duncan A. Hazard was re-elected clerk of probate by acclamation. William H. Lawton was re-elected city engineer, receiving 99 votes to 59 for J. P. Cotton.

There were 11 candidates for assessor of taxes for 3 years at a salary of \$400—Edward L. Spencer, William F. Adams, W. E. Mumford, J. P. Morgan, J. J. M. Martin, C. H. Wrightington, Thomas Lucas, Frank G. Scott, T. H. Reagan, L. E. Read, Robert S. Gash. On the fifth ballot E. L. Spencer received 91 votes and was declared elected.

A roll call was had on a motion to adjourn and was lost by 141 to 42.

Henry W. Cozzens was re-elected tax collector by acclamation.

Dr. John H. Sanborn was re-elected city physician, receiving 172 votes to 7 for Dr. F. W. Rogers.

W. H. Westcott was re-elected city sergeant, Robert Kerr, Lewis L. Simmons and James B. Cottrell overseers of the poor, and Ira W. Wilbur keeper of the city asylum, all without opposition.

Joseph Haire was elected member of the board of health for 5 years on the third ballot, having 93 votes to 75 for Charles B. Lawton, 2 for James M. O'Brien, and 1 for P. J. Murphy.

Robert L. Oman was re-elected inspector of plumbing on the second ballot: Oman 92, Robert Haire 23, J. J. Cassidy 54.

George G. Shaw was re-elected inspector of milk on the first ballot.

Henry Gladding was re-elected harbor master on the third ballot, the other nominees being William J. Champion, P. H. Welch, William H. King and George Bowen.

George A. Brown was re-elected assistant engineer of the fire department for 4 years on the first ballot, the other nominees being M. P. Murphy and E. T. Bosworth.

Thomas W. Freeborne was re-elected inspector of kerosene, receiving 99 votes to 71 for J. J. Connell.

A communication from the Citizens Business Association was referred to a special committee consisting of Robert Kerr, P. H. Morgan, J. K. Sullivan, C. H. Koelme and Michael Drinan.

The remaining officers to be elected were referred to the board of aldermen and the council adjourned.

A call has been extended to Rev. Samuel Smith Drury, by Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D., to become curate of Emmanuel Church, to fill the vacancy caused by the departure of Rev. R. B. Pomeroy. As Rev. Mr. Drury is in the Philippines, it will be some days before a reply can be received.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Jennie Estelle Wetherell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mloah H. Wetherell, to Mr. William C. Lawton.

Board of Aldermen.

The new board of aldermen met and organized after the inauguration of the city government Monday afternoon. Delancy Kane was unanimously elected president. Rules of order were adopted and it was voted that the board of aldermen as a whole shall constitute all committees.

The second meeting of the board was held on Tuesday evening for the purpose of electing the city officers required by law and also for transacting the business delegated to them by the representative council.

The appointment of Frank N. Fullerton as deputy city clerk was confirmed. Annual reports were received from the various departments. It was voted to instruct the clerk to prepare the usual advertisements for supplies for the year.

From the old city council was received a communication from the Easton's Beach Association giving notification of its intention to exercise its option for a renewal of its lease of the beach. It was referred to a special committee consisting of Aldermen Boyle and Kane. A petition protesting against the extension of the pole line on Cranston avenue was referred to a special committee consisting of Aldermen Shepley and Kingman.

In response to a petition the city solicitor was directed to take the proper steps and prepare the necessary papers for the condemnation of property for the widening of Thames street from the Boston Store to Long wharf.

The officers whose election devolves upon the board of aldermen by law were elected as follows:

Inspector of Milk—George C. Shaw. Health Officer—Henry Gladding. Weigher of Salt Cattle—Fernando Barker. Commissioner of Weeks and Ship-wrecked Goods—K. Sullivan. Field Drivers—John H. Corbitt, John H. A. Kelly.

Commissioners to Attend to the Burial of Deceased Soldiers—Andrew K. McMahon.

There were also certain officers delegated to the board by the representative council. These were elected:

John J. Connell was elected sealer of weights and measures, receiving three votes to two for Thomas W. Freeborne. Although it was evident that the majority of the council would have favored Mr. Freeborne for the position the board had the power delegated to them and did as they chose.

There was no election of superintendent of cemeteries. Mr. Shepley nominated the present incumbent, Bowen B. Sweet, and Mr. Boyle nominated John J. Connell. Each received three votes.

The officers elected were as follows: Sealer of Weights and Measures—John J. Connell. Surveyor of Highways—J. K. Sullivan. City Surveyors of Land—Joseph P. Cotton, William H. Lawton, William P. Fullerton, Robert A. Eaton.

Surveyor of Round Timber and Spars—William M. Arnold. Commissioner of Newport School Fund—Thomas H. Peckham.

Fence Viewer—Samuel H. Oxx. Pound Keeper—John H. Corbitt.

Hell Hangers—Frederick P. Lee, Patrick H. Hendon, Frank Sullivan, Charles Farrow. Keeper of Powder House—Chief engineer of the department.

Keeper of City Clocks—William F. Robinson. Superintendents to Superintend the Building of Chimneys and Placing Stoves and Stoves—William K. Caswell, Thomas H. Peckham, John H. Corbitt, Daniel P. Cassidy, J. H. Oxx, J. H. Oxx, J. H. Oxx.

Constables under the General State Law and Authorized to Carry Writs—Dunbar, William F. Adams, Joseph W. Simpson, Eugene C. O'Neill, Richard Fitzgerald, Mortimer L. Friedman, Ralph P. Rogers, Charles A. Kleinfelder.

Gate Keeper at Elm and Fourth Streets—George W. Tucker.

Gate Keeper at Tenth and Fourth Streets—William H. Barker.

Corders of Wood—William F. Lawton, Henry B. Barker, John H. Corbitt, Daniel P. Cassidy, J. H. Oxx, J. H. Oxx, J. H. Oxx.

Weighers of Coal and Other Merchandise—David T. Plunkett, Joseph P. Perry, Francis P. Lynch, George H. Taylor, Hugh Elliott, John A. Sullivan, Thomas W. Freeborne, William A. Barker, Henry S. Munroe, Francis M. Sisson, James A. Greene, Fernando Barker, James P. Hughes, Thomas J. Boyle, William E. Williams, Patrick H. Welch, William E. Williams, Edward S. Peckham, B. Clarence Brown, William F. Leamon, William H. Tucker.

Inspector of Casks—Thomas W. Freeborne. Auctioneers—Thomas Boringham, Joshua B. Buckleberry, Thomas W. Freeborne, Daniel E. Sullivan, William Loring, Eugene C. O'Neill, John R. Foster, John A. Ferry, Fred W. Greene, George H. Taylor, Julius Engle, Clarence A. Blumett, William F. Lawton, Thomas J. Boyle, John Mahan, George W. Tucker.

Undertakers—John S. Langley, Samuel W. Marsh, Andrew K. McMahon, Frederick P. Lee, Robert C. Cottrell, Patrick H. O'Neill, Frederick R. Langley, Richard H. Freeborn, James A. Dunphy, Edward J. O'Neill.

Clerk to Highway Department—Francis M. Sloan. Engineer for the City Hall—Wallace C. Marlhead.

The recently elected officers of Gen. G. K. Warren Post, G. A. R., were installed on Thursday evening by Junior Vice Department Commander William O. Milne. A number of invited guests were present and an enjoyable evening was passed.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Bryer of Cleveland, Ohio, spent a few hours in this city on Wednesday. Mr. Bryer is a son of Mr. Peleg Bryer and was formerly engaged in business with his father in this city.

Mr. Frank I. Greene has returned to his home in Providence, after spending a few days in Newport, guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jere I. Greene.

Rev. James Austin Richards, pastor of the Congregational Church, is enjoying a week's vacation.

Stenner Pilgrim went on the line Wednesday, relieving steamer Providence.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. John Hilton.

Mrs. Abby Hilton, wife of Mr. John Hilton, died very suddenly at her home on South Baptist street Monday morning. She had not been in the best of health for several years, suffering at times from indigestion, but her sickness was not considered of a serious nature, and her death came as a shock to her friends.

Mrs. Hilton was a devoted wife and a kind and loving mother. She was of a retiring disposition and spent the greater part of her life in her home with her family. She made and retained friends and was especially fond of young people's society. She was kind hearted and ever ready to speak a kind word or render assistance to any one in need. Her life had been filled with good deeds to her fellow creatures and her family have the sympathy of a wide circle of friends in her sudden death.

Besides her husband, two children survive her, Mr. James Hilton and Miss Charlotte Hilton.

Robert M. Cushing.

Mr. Robert M. Cushing, a legal resident of Newport and one of the oldest of our summer visitors, died in London this week. He had been coming to Newport for more than forty years and owned a handsome residence at the foot of Bellevue avenue. His permanent residence was in Boston but he made a practice of spending at least a portion of each year in Newport. He had recently gone to London to spend the winter with his daughter, Mrs. Andrews Anderson.

Miss A. Playden and Mr. William Postings were married at Emmanuel Church on Sunday, Rev. Dr. Porter officiating. The bride wore a dress of gray silk with Duchess lace trimmings and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Miss Mary McCarron was the bridesmaid, wearing a dress of blue and carrying a bunch of violets. Mr. Robert Postings of Boston, a brother of the groom, performed the duties of best man. A dinner followed the ceremony at the home of Mrs. D. Flerty on Annandale road. Mr. and Mrs. Postings left in the evening for New York via the Fall River line and on Tuesday sailed for Europe where they will spend their honeymoon.

For a New Station.

There was a special meeting of the Citizens' Business Association on Saturday afternoon for the purpose of hearing the report of the committee which conferred with President Mellon of the New Haven road in regard to a new depot.

The report was as follows: The undersigned committee, appointed to present the petition of the citizens for a new passenger station to the city council for such action as in its judgment seemed wise, beg to submit the following report:

The petition was duly presented and a committee consisting of Aldermen Ritchie and Bliss and Councilman Kerr, Mason and J. J. Martin were appointed. This committee organized with Councilman Mason, chairman.

Your committee learning that the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company were contemplating the erection of a new station on the site of the present one, addressed a note to the president, C. F. Mellon, Esq., asking for an interview; this was granted and January 3, 1907, at Boston named. This committee company with the committee from the City Council, with His Honor, Mayor Cottrell, went to Boston and met President Mellon. After expressing to him our gratification that we were to have a new station the question of its location was taken up and discussed.

The present location was favored by none and the general opinion was that the most desirable location is on Long wharf opposite the City wharf, provided that Long Wharf can be widened so as to admit the location of street car tracks and to accommodate the increased traffic. To accomplish this widening will require the purchase or condemnation of the property between Long wharf and the railroad lands on the north and the Sherman, Richardson and Sheehan properties on the south, and the probable removal of the old City Hall.

Mr. Mellon said to the committee "Let the city of Newport go ahead and learn what property must be acquired with its cost, and then say to the railroad what it should bear." He will then meet the city in a generous spirit. The company is ready to locate its station on Long Wharf at any point, if this widening is done and pay for the land necessary for this purpose.

Herewith is a sketch showing the property that would have to be acquired for this improvement.

We would suggest the appointment of a committee to urge upon the representative council the importance of early action in the matter.

Respectfully,
F. E. CHADWICK,
J. P. COTTON,
Committee.

After the report was read there was considerable discussion, the general opinion being that this was the best opportunity that had yet been offered to secure a suitable new station. A committee was appointed to present the matter to the representative council at its first meeting.

The MASQUERADER

By Katherine Cecil Thurston,
Author of "The Circle," Etc.

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CHAPTER XVI.

His business with Blessington over, Loder breathed more freely. If Lady Asstrupp had recognized Chilcote by the rings and had been roused to curiosity, the incident would demand settlement sooner or later—settlement in what proportion he could hazard no guess. If, on the other hand, her obvious change of manner had arisen from any other source—he had a hazy idea that a woman's behavior could never be gauged by accepted theories—then he had safeguarded Chilcote's interests and his own by his securing of Blessington's promise. Blessington he knew would be reliable and discreet. With a renewal of confidence—a pleasant feeling that his uneasiness had been groundless—he moved forward to greet Eve.

Her face, with its rich, clear coloring, seemed to his gaze to stand out from the crowd of other faces as from a frame, and a sense of pride touched him. In every eye but his own her beauty belonged to him.

His face looked alive and masterful as she reached his side. "May I monopolize you?" he said with the quickness of speech borrowed from Chilcote. "We—see so little of each other."

Almost as if compelled, her lashes lifted, and her eyes met his. Her glance was puzzled, uncertain, slightly confused. There was a deeper color than usual in her cheeks. Loder felt something within his own consciousness stir in response.

"You know you are yielding," he said.

Again she blushed.

He saw the flash and knew that it was his words, his personality—that had called it forth. In Chilcote's actual sentence he had proved his superiority over Chilcote. For the first time he had been given a tacit, personal acknowledgment of his power. Unhappily he drew nearer to her.

"Let's get out of this crush."

She made no answer except to bend her head, and it came to him that, for all her pride, she liked—and unconsciously yielded to—domination. With a satisfied gesture he turned to make a passage toward the door.

But the passage was more easily desired than made. In the few moments since he had entered the supper room the press of people had considerably thickened until a block had formed about the doorway. Drawing Eve with him he moved forward for a dozen paces, then paused, unable to make further headway.

As they stood there he looked back at her. "What a study in democracy a crowd always is!" he said.

She responded with a bright, appreciative glance, as if surprised into naturalness. He wondered sharply what she would be like if her enthusiasms were really aroused. Then a stir in the corridor outside caused a movement inside the room, and with a certain display of persistence he was enabled to make a passage to the door.

There again they were compelled to halt. But though tightly wedged into his new position and guarding Eve with one arm, Loder was free to survey the brilliantly thronged corridor over the head of a man a few inches shorter than himself, who stood directly in front of him.

"What are we waiting for?" he asked good humoredly, addressing the back of the stranger's head.

The man turned, displaying a genial face, a red mustache and an eyeglass. "Hello, Chilcote!" he said. "Hope it's not on your feet I'm standing."

Loder laughed. "No," he said. "And don't change the position. If you were an inch higher I should be blind as well as crippled."

The other laughed. It was a pleasant surprise to find Chilcote amiable under discomfort. He looked round again in slight curiosity.

Loder felt the scrutiny. To create a diversion he looked out along the corridor. "I believe we are waiting for something," he exclaimed. "What's this?" Then quite abruptly he ceased to speak.

"Anything interesting?" Eve touched his arm.

He said nothing. He made no effort to look round. His thought as well as his speech was suddenly suspended.

The man in front of him let his eyeglass fall from his eye, then screwed it in again.

"Joye," he exclaimed, "here comes our sorcerer! It's like the progress of a fairy princess. I believe this is the meaning of our getting penned in here." He chuckled delightedly.

Loder said nothing. He stared straight on over the other's head.

Along the corridor, agreeably conscious of the hum of admiration she aroused, came Lillian Asstrupp, surrounded by a little crowd. Her delicate face was lit up; her eyes shone over the faint gleam of her hair; her gown of gold embroidery swept round her gracefully, but she was also excited. The excitement was evident in her laugh, in her gestures, as they turned quickly in one direction and then another.

Loder, gazing in stupefaction over the other man's head, saw it—felt and understood it with a mind that leaped back over a space of years. As in a shifting panorama he saw a night of disturbance and confusion in a far-off Italian valley—a confusion from which one face shone out with something of the pale, alluring radiance that filtered over the hillside from the crescent moon. It passed across his consciousness slowly, but with a slow completeness, and in its light the incidents of the past hour stood out in a new aspect. The echo of recollection stirred by Lady Bramfells' voice, the re-echo of it in the sister's tones; his own

consciousness, his own egotistic assurance—all struck across his mind.

Meanwhile the party about Lillian drew nearer. He felt with instinctive certainty that the supper room was its destination, but he remained motionless, held by a species of fatalism. He watched her draw near with an unmoved face, but in the brief space that passed while she traversed the corridor he gauged to the full the hold that the new atmosphere, the new existence, had gained over his mind. With an unlooked-for rush of feeling he realized how dearly he would part with it.

As Lillian came closer the meaning of her manner became clearer to him. She talked incessantly, laughing now and then, but her eyes were never quiet. These skinned the length of the corridor, then glanced over the heads crowded in the doorway.

"I'll have something quite sweet, Geoffrey," she was saying to the man beside her as she came within hearing. "You know what I like—a sort of snowflake wrapped up in sugar." As she said the words her glance wandered. Loder saw it rest uninterestedly on a boy a yard or two in front of him, then move to the man over whose head he gazed, then lift itself inevitably to his face.

The glance was quick and direct. He saw the look of recognition spring across it; he saw her move forward suddenly as the crowd in the corridor parted to let her pass. Then he saw what seemed to him a miracle.

Her whole expression altered, her lips parted, and she colored with amazement. She looked like a spoiled child who, seeing a bonbon box, opens it to find it empty.

As the press about the doorway melted to give her passage the red haired man in front of Loder was the first to take advantage of the space. "Joye, Lillian," he said, moving forward, "you look as if you expected Chilcote to be somebody else, and are disappointed to find he's only himself!" He laughed delightedly at his own joke.

The words were exactly the tone Lillian needed. She smiled her usual undisturbed smile as she turned her eyes upon him.

"My dear Leonard, you're using your eyesight. When that happens you're never responsible for what you see." Her words came more slowly and with a touch of languid amusement. Her composure was suddenly restored.

Then for the first time Loder changed his position. Moved by an impulse he made no effort to dissent, he stepped back to Eve's side and slipped his arm through hers—successfully concealing his left hand.

The warmth of her skin through her long glove thrilled him unexpectedly. His impulse had been one of self defense, but the result was of a different character. At the quick contact the wish to fight for—to hold and defend—the position that had grown so dear woke in renewed force. With a new determination he turned again toward Lillian.

"I caught the same impression—without an eyeglass," he said. "Why did you look like that?" He asked the question steadily and with apparent carelessness, though through it all his reason stood against his common sense cried aloud that it was impossible for the eyes that had seen his face in admiration, in love, in contempt, to fall now in recognition. The air seemed breathless while he spoke and waited. His impression of Lillian was a mere shimmering of gold dress and gold hair; all that he was really conscious of was the pressure of his hand on Eve's arm and the warmth



"Do you see what I mean, Eve?"

of her skin through the soft glove. Then abruptly the mist lifted. He saw Lillian's eyes—indifferent, amused, slightly contemptuous, and a second later he heard her voice.

"My dear Jack," she said sweetly, "how absurd of you! It was simply the contrast of your eyes peering over Leonard's hair. It was like a gorgeous sunset with a black cloud overhead." She laughed. "Do you see what I mean, Eve?" She affected to see Eve for the first time.

Eve had been looking calmly ahead. She turned now and smiled serenely. Loder felt no vibration of the arm he held, yet by an instant intuition he knew that the two women were antagonistic. He experienced it with the divination that follows upon a moment of acute suspense. He understood it, as he had understood Lillian's look of recognition when his forehead, eyes and nose had shown him to be close; her blank surprise when his close shaven lip and chin had proclaimed him Chilcote.

He felt like a man who has looked into an abyss and stepped back from the edge, outwardly calm, but mentally shaken. The commonplace of life seemed for the moment to hold deeper meanings. He did not hear Eve's answer; he paid no heed to Lillian's next remark. He saw her smile and then to the red haired man; finally he saw her move on into the supper room, followed by her little court. Then he crossed the arm he was still holding,

He felt an urgent need of companionship, of a human expression to the crisis he had passed. "Shall we get out of this?" he asked again.

Eve looked up. "Out of the room?" she said.

He looked down at her, compelling her gaze. "Out of the room—and the house," he answered. "Let us go—home."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE necessary formalities of departure were speedily got through. The passing of the corridors, the gaining of the carriage, seemed to Loder to be marvelously simple proceedings. Then, as he sat by Eve's side and again felt the forward movement of the horses, he had leisure for the first time to wonder whether the time that had passed since last he occupied that position had actually been a dream.

Only that night he had unconsciously compared one incident in his life to a sketch in which the lights and shadows have been obliterated and lost. Now that picture rose before him, startlingly and incredibly intact. He saw the sunlit houses of Santasalar, backgrounded by the small hills—saw them as plainly as when he himself had sketched them on his memory. Every detail of the scene remained the same, even to the central figure; only the eye and the hand of the artist had changed.

At this point Eve broke in upon his thoughts. Her first words were curiously coincidental.

"What did you think of Lillian Asstrupp tonight?" she asked. "Wasn't her gown perfect?"

Loder lifted his head with an almost guilty start. Then he answered straight from his thoughts.

"I didn't notice it," he said, "but her eyes reminded me of a cat's eyes—and she walks like a cat. I never seemed to see it—until tonight."

Eve changed her position. "She was very artistic," she said tentatively. "Don't you think the gold gown was beautiful with her pale colored hair?"

Loder felt surprised. He was convinced that Eve disliked the other, and he was not sufficiently versed in women to understand her praise. "I thought"—he began. Then he wisely stopped. "I didn't see the gown," he substituted.

Eve looked out of the window. "How unappreciative men are!" she said. But her tone was strangely free from censure.

After this there was silence until Grosvenor square was reached. Having left the carriage and passed into the house, Eve paused for a moment at the foot of the stairs to give an order to Crapham, who was still in attendance in the hall, and again Loder had an opportunity of studying her. As he looked a sharp comparison rose to his mind.

"A fairy princess!" he had heard the red haired man say as Lillian Asstrupp came into view along the Bramfells' corridor, and the simile had seemed particularly apt. With her grace, her delicacy, her subtle attraction, she might well be the outcome of imagination. But with Eve it was different. She also was graceful and attractive, but it was grace and attraction of a different order. One was beautiful with the beauty of the white rose that springs from the hothouse and withers at the first touch of cold; the other with the beauty of the wild rose on the cliffs above the sea, that keeps its petals fine and transparent in face of salt spray and wet mist. Eve, too, had her realm, but it was the realm of real things. A great confidence, a feeling that here one might rely even if all other faiths were shaken, touched him suddenly. For a moment he stood irresolute, watching her mount the stairs with her easy, assured step. Then a determination came to him. Fate favored him tonight; he was in luck tonight. He would put his fortune to one more test. He swung across the hall and ran up the stairs.

His face was keen with interest as he reached her side. "The hard outline of his features and the hard grayness of his eyes were softened as when he had paused to talk with Lkeley. Action was the breath of his life, and his face changed under it as another's might change under the influence of stirring music or good wine.

Eve saw the look and again the uneasy expression of surprise crossed her eyes. She paused, her hand resting on the banister.

Loder looked at her directly. "Will you come into the study as you came that other night? There's something I want to say." He spoke quietly. He felt unmaster of himself, and her.

She hesitated, glanced at him and then glanced away.

"Will you come?" he said again. And as he said it his eyes rested on the sweep of her thick eyelashes, the curve of the back hair.

At last her lashes lifted and the perplexity and doubt in her blue eyes stirred him. Without waiting for her answer, he leaned forward.

"Say yes!" he urged. "I don't often ask for favors."

Still she hesitated. Then her decision was made for her. With a new boldness he touched her arm, drawing her forward gently but decisively toward Chilcote's rooms.

In the study a fire burned brightly, the desk was laden with papers, the lights were nicely adjusted, even the chairs were in their accustomed places. Loder's senses responded to each suggestion. It seemed but a day since he had seen it last. It was precisely as he had left it—the niche needing but the man.

To hide his emotion he crossed the floor quickly and drew a chair forward. In less than six hours he had run up and down the scale of emotions. He had looked despair in the face till the sudden sight of Chilcote had lifted him to the skies; since then surprise had assailed him in its strongest form; he had known the full meaning of the word "risk," and from every contingency he had come out conqueror. He bent over the chair as he pulled it forward to hide the expression in his eyes.

"Sit down," he said gently. Eve moved toward him. She moved slowly, as if half afraid. Many emotions stirred her—distrust, uncertainty

and a furious half dominant, half suppressed questioning that it was difficult to define. Loder remembered her shivering coldness, her reluctant tolerance on the night of his first coming, and his individuality, his certainty of power, his selfishness. Never had he been so vehemently himself; never had Chilcote seemed so complete a shadow.

As Eve settled herself he moved forward and leaned over the back of his chair. The impulse that had filled him in his interview with Renwick, that had goaded him as he drove to the reception, was dominant again.

"I tried to say something as we drove to the Bramfells' tonight," he began. Like many men who possess eloquence for an impersonal cause, he was brusque, even blunt, in the stating of his own case. "May I hark back, and go on from where I broke off?"

Eve half turned. Her face was still puzzled and questioning. "Of course." She sat forward again, clasping her hands.

He looked thoughtfully at the back of her head, at the slim outline of her shoulders, the glitter of the diamonds about her neck.

"Do you remember the day, three weeks ago, that we talked together in this room—the day a great many things seemed possible?"

"This time" she did not look round. She kept her gaze upon the fire.

"Do you remember?" he persisted quietly. In his college days men who heard that tone of quiet persistence had been wont to lose heart. Eve heard it now for the first time and, without being aware, answered to it.

"Yes, I remember," she said. "On that day you believed in me."

In his earnestness he no longer simulated Chilcote; he spoke with his own steady reliance. He saw Eve stir, unclasp and clasp her hands, but he went steadily on. "On that day you saw me in a new light. You acknowledged me."

He emphasized the slightly peculiar word. "But since that day—his voice quickened—"since that day your feelings have changed, your faith in me has fallen away."

He watched her closely, but she made no sign, save to lean still nearer to the fire. He crossed his arms over the back of her chair. "You were justified," he said suddenly. "I've not been—myself since that day."

As he said the words his coolness forsook him slightly. He loathed the necessary lie, yet his egotism clamped for vindication. "All men have their lapses," he went on. "There are times—there are days and weeks when I—when my—"

The word "nerves" touched his tongue, hung upon it, then died away unspoken.

Very quietly, almost without a sound, Eve had risen and turned toward him. She was standing very straight, her face a little pale, the hand that rested on the arm of her chair trembling slightly.

"John," she said quickly, "don't say that word! Don't say that hideous word 'nerves'! I don't feel that I can bear it tonight—not just tonight. Can you understand?"

Loder stepped back. Without comprehending, he felt suddenly and strangely at a loss. Something in her face struck him silent and perplexed. It seemed that without preparation he had stepped upon dangerous ground. With an undelined apprehension, he waited, looking at her.

"I can't explain it," she went on with nervous haste. "I can't give any reasons, but quite suddenly—the farce has grown unbearable. I used not to think—used not even to care—but suddenly things have changed—or I have changed." She paused, confused and distressed. "Why should it be? Why should things change?" She asked the question sharply, as if in appeal against her own incredulity.

Loder turned aside. He was afraid of the triumph, volcanic and irrepressible, that her admission roused.

"Why?" she said again.

He turned slowly back. "You forget that I'm not a magician," he said gently. "I hardly know what you are speaking of."

For a moment she was silent, but in that moment her eyes spoke. Pity, distress, pride, all strove for expression; then at last her lips parted.

"Do you say that in seriousness?" she asked.

It was no moment for fencing, and Loder knew it. "In seriousness," he replied shortly.

"Then I shall speak seriously too." Her voice shook slightly and the color came back into her face, but the hand on the arm of the chair ceased to tremble. "For more than four years I have known that you take drugs—for more than four years I have acquiesced in your deceptions, in your meannesses."

There was an instant's silence. Then Loder stepped forward.

"You knew—for four years?" he said, very slowly. For the first time that night he remembered Chilcote and forgot himself.

Eve lifted her head with a quick gesture, as if, in dinging off discretion and silence, she appreciated to the full the new relief of speech.

"Yes, I know. Perhaps I should have spoken when I first surprised the secret, but it's all so past that it's useless to speculate now. It was fate, I suppose. I was very young, you were very unapproachable, and—and we had no love to make the way easy."

For a second her glance faltered and she looked away. "A woman's—a girl's—disillusioning is a very sad comedy—it should never have an audience." She laughed a little bitterly as she looked back again. "I saw all the deceptions, all the lies." She said the word deliberately, meeting his eyes.

Again he thought of Chilcote, but his face paled.

"I saw it all. I lived with it all till I grew hard and indifferent—till I acquiesced in your 'nerves' as readily as the rest of the world that hadn't suspected and didn't know." Again she laughed nervously. "And I thought the indifference would last forever. If one lives in a groove for years, one gets frozen up. I never felt more frozen than on the night Mr. Frankie spoke to me of you—asked me to use my influence; then, on that night!"

"Yes, on that night?" Loder's voice was low.

But her excitement had suddenly fallen. Whether his glance had spelled it or whether the force of her feelings had worked itself out it was impossible to say, but her eyes had lost their resolution. She stood hesitating for a moment, then she turned and moved to the ante-chamber.

"That night you found me changed?" Loder was insistent.

"Changed—and yet not changed." She spoke reluctantly, with averted head.

"And what did you think?"

Again she was silent. Then again a faint excitement tinged her cheeks.

"I thought"—she began. "It seemed—"

Once more she paused, hampered by her own uncertainty, her own sense of puzzling incongruity. "I don't know why I speak like this," she went on at last, as if in justification of herself, "or why I want to speak. But a feeling—an extraordinary, incomprehensible feeling seems to urge me on. The same feeling that came to me on the day we had tea together—the feeling that made me—that almost made me believe—"

"Believe what?" The words escaped him without volition.

At sound of his voice she turned. "Believe that a miracle happened," she said; "that you had found strength, had freed yourself."

"From morphia?"

"From morphia."

In the silence that followed Loder lived through a century of suggestion and induction. His first feeling was for himself, but his first clear thought was for Chilcote and their compact. He stood, metaphorically, on a stone in the middle of a stream, balancing on one foot, then on the other; looking to the right bank, then to the left. At last, as it always did, inspiration came to him slowly. He realized that by one plunge he might save both Chilcote and himself.

He crossed quickly to the fireplace and stood by Eve. "You were right in your belief," he said. "For all that time, from the night you spoke to me or I failed to the day you had tea in this room, I never touched a drug."

She moved suddenly, and he saw her face. "John," she said unsteadily, "you—I—I have known you to lie to me about other things."

With a hasty movement he averted his head. The doubt, the appeal in her words, shocked him. The whole isolation of her life seemed summed up in the one short sentence. For the instant he forgot Chilcote. With a reaction of feeling he turned to her again.

"Look at me!" he said brusquely. She raised her eyes.

"Do you believe I'm speaking the truth?"

She searched his eyes intently, the doubt and hesitancy still struggling in her face.

"But the last three weeks?" she said reluctantly. "How can you ask me to believe?"

He had expected this and he met it steadily enough. Nevertheless his courage faltered. To deceive this woman, even to justify himself, had in the last half hour become something sacrilegious.

"The last three weeks must be buried," he said hurriedly. "No man could free himself suddenly from—"

He broke off abruptly. He hated Chilcote; he hated himself. Then Eve's face, raised in distressed appeal, overshadowed all scruples.

"You have been silent and patient for years," he said suddenly. "Can you be patient and silent a little longer?" He spoke without consideration. He was conscious of no selfishness beneath his words. In the first exercise of conscious strength the primitive desire to reduce all elements to his own sovereignty submerged every other emotion. "I can't enter into the thing," he said; "like you, I give no explanations. I can only tell you that on the day we talked together in this room I was myself—in the full possession of my reason, the full knowledge of my own capacities. The man you have known in the last three weeks, the man you have imagined in the last four years, is a shadow, an unreality—a weakness in human form. There is a new Chilcote—if you will only see him."

Eve was trembling as he ceased; her face was flushed; there was a strange brightness in her eyes. She was moved beyond herself.

"But the other you—the old you?"

"You must be patient." He looked down into the fire. "Times like the last three weeks will come again—must come again; they are inevitable. When they do come, you must shut your eyes—you must blind yourself. You must ignore them—and me. Is it a compact?" He still avoided her eyes.

She turned to him quietly. "Yes—if you wish it," she said, below her breath.

He was conscious of her glance, but he dared not meet it. He felt sick at the part he was playing, yet he held it to tenaciously.

"I wonder if you could do what few men and fewer women are capable of?" he asked at last. "I wonder if you could learn to live in the present?" He lifted his head slowly and met her eyes. "This is an experiment," he went on. "And, like all experiments, it has good phases and bad. When the bad phases come round—I—I want you to tell yourself that you are not altogether alone in your unhappiness—that I am suffering too—in another way."

There was silence when he had spoken, and for a space it seemed that Eve would make no response. Then the last surprise in a day of surprises came to him. With a slight stir, a slight, quick rustle of skirts, she stepped forward and laid her hand on his.

The gesture was simple and very sweet. Her eyes were soft and full of light as she raised her face to his, her lips parted in unconscious appeal.

There is no surrender so seductive as the surrender of a proud woman. Loder's blood stirred, the undelimited suggestion of the moment thrilled and disconcerted him in a tumult of thought. Honor, duty, principle, rose in a triple barrier; but honor, duty and principle are but words to a headstrong man. The full significance of his position came to him as it had never come before. His hand closed on hers; he

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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To Fry an Egg.

To fry an egg so that it will be particularly tempting to the eye as well as the palate first separate the white from the yolk, then beat the white into a froth, drop it into the pan, make a hole in the center with a spoon and drop the yolk into the hole. It will cook it into a very dainty bit.

Cowhide and Horsehide.

A hide from a horse yields about twenty pounds of leather, while that from a cow gives thirty-five pounds.

Rough on the Unmarried.

The north Frisians are very unmerciful to people who don't marry. One of their legends says that after death old maids are doomed to eat stars out of the sun when it has sunk below the horizon, and the ghosts of the old bachelors must blow them up in the east, running, like lamp-lighters, all night up and down a ladder.

Putting Out Fires.

In some of the cities of Europe the cost of putting out a fire is made a charge upon the property of the person for whose benefit the fire department is called out.

Ancient Tombstones.

The custom of inscribing upon tombstones was in vogue among the Greeks and Romans. The Greeks only did this, however, in the case of their illustrious men, but when a Roman died he was buried near a highway, and on his tombstone was carved a suitable inscription, which in the majority of cases began with "Sta, viator" (stop, traveler).

The Town of Brock.

The nearest town in the world is Brock, in Holland. So tidy are the inhabitants that they will not allow horses in the street. It contains a population of 2,700, and the chief industry is the making of Edam cheese.

The "Dopper."

It is not uncommon to find the epithet "dopper" applied to a Boer, as if the terms were synonymous. The name "dopper" is really derived from the Dutch word for an extinguisher, and it is properly applied only to the members of a religious sect which is despised of the world for its theological opinions of a later date than the famous synod of Dort.

Religious Marriage Customs.

In Brittany there is said to prevail a curious marriage custom. On certain festive days the young ladies appear in red petticoats, with white or yellow borders around them. The number of borders denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band denotes silver—100 francs per annum; each yellow band represents gold—1,000 francs a year.

Teapots.

Teapots are used in China only by the poor. Among the wealthy it is customary to put the tea leaves in each cup and pour water on them.

THE MASQUERADER.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

lent toward her, his pulses beating unevenly.

"Free!" he said. Then at the sound of his voice he suddenly hesitated. It was the voice of a man who has forgotten everything but his own existence.

For an instant he stayed motionless. Then very quietly he drew away from her, releasing her hands.

"No," he said. "No, I haven't got the right."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THAT night for almost the first time since he had adopted his dual role Loder slept ill. He was not a man over whom imagination held any powerful sway. His doubts and misgivings seldom ran to speculation upon future possibilities. Nevertheless, the fact that, consciously or unconsciously, he had adopted a new attitude toward Eve came home to him with unpleasant force during the hours of darkness, and long before the first hint of daylight had slipped through the heavy window curtains he had arranged a plan of action—a plan whereby, by the simple method of altogether avoiding her, he might soothe his own conscience and safeguard Chilcote's domestic interests.

It was a satisfactory if a somewhat negative arrangement, and he rose next morning with a feeling that things had begun to shape themselves. But chance sometimes has a disconcerting knack of forestalling even our best planned schemes. He dressed slowly and descended to his solitary breakfast with the pleasant sensation of having put last night out of consideration by the turning over of a new leaf, but scarcely had he taken a cursory glance at the morning's newspaper than it was borne in upon him that not only a new leaf, but a whole sheaf of new leaves, had been turned to his prospects by a hand infinitely more powerful and arbitrary than his own. He realized within the space of a few moments that the leisure Eve might have claimed, the leisure he might have been tempted to devote to her, was no longer his to dispose of, being already demanded of him from a quarter that allowed of no refusal.

For the first rumbling of the political earthquake that was to shake the country made itself audible beyond denial on that morning of March 27 when the news spread through England that, in view of the disorganized state of the Persian army and the shah's consequent inability to suppress the open insurrection of the border tribes in the northeastern districts of Meshed, Russia, with a great show of magnanimity, had come to the rescue by dispatching a large armed force from her military station at Merv across the Persian frontier to the seat of the disturbance. To many hundreds of Englishmen who read their papers on that morning this announcement conveyed but little. That there is such a country as Persia we all know, that English interests predominate in the south and Russian interests in the north we have all superficially understood from childhood, but in this knowledge, coupled with the fact that Persia is comfortably far away, we are apt to rest content. It is only to the eyes that see through long distance glasses, the minds that regard the present as nothing more or less than an inevitable link joining the future to the past, that this distant, debatable land stands out in its true political significance.

To the average reader of news the statement of Russia's move seemed scarcely more important than had the first report of the border risings in January, but to the men who had watched the growth of the disturbance it came charged with portentous meaning. Through the entire ranks of the opposition, from Fraide himself downward, it caused a thrill of expectation—that peculiar prophetic sensation that every politician has experienced at some moment of his career.

In no member of his party did this feeling strike deeper root than in Loder. Imbued with a lifelong interest in the eastern question, specially equipped by personal knowledge to hold and proffer an opinion upon Persian affairs, he read the signs and portents with instinctive insight. Seated at Chilcote's table, surrounded by Chilcote's letters and papers, he forgot the breakfast that was slowly growing cold, forgot the interests and dangers, personal or pleasurable, of the night before, while his mental eyes persistently conjured up the map of Persia, traveling with steady deliberation from Merv to Meshed, from Meshed to Herat, from Herat to the empire of India. For it was not the fact that the Hazaras had risen against the shah that occupied the thinking mind, nor was it the fact that Russian and not Persian troops were destined to subdue them, but the deeply important consideration that an armed Russian force had crossed the frontier and was encamped within twenty miles of Meshed—Meshed, upon which covetous Russian eyes have rested ever since the days of Peter the Great.

So Loder's thoughts ran as he read and reread the news from the varying political standpoints, and so they continued to run when, some hours later, an urgent telephone message from the St. George's Gazette asked him to call at Lakeley's office.

The message was interesting as well as imperative, and he made an instant response. The thought of Lakeley's keen eyes and shrewd enthusiasm always possessed strong attractions for his own slower temperament, but even had this impetus been lacking, the knowledge that at the St. George's office, if anywhere, the true feelings of the party were invariably voiced would have drawn him without hesitation.

It was scarcely 12 o'clock when he turned the corner of the tall building, but already the keen spirit that Lakeley everywhere diffused was making itself felt. Loder smiled to himself as his eyes fell on the day's placards with their uncompromising headlines and passed onward from the string of gaily painted cars drawn up to receive their first consignment of the paper to the troop of eager newshounds passing in and out of the big swing doors with their piled up bundles of the early edition, and with a renewed thrill of

anticipation and energy he passed through the doorway and ran upstairs. Passing unchallenged through the long corridor that led to Lakeley's office, he caught a fresh impression of action and vitality from the click of the tape machines in the subeditor's office, and a glimpse through the open door of the subeditors themselves, each occupied with his particular task; then without time for further observation he found himself at Lakeley's door. Without waiting to knock, as he had felt compelled to do on the one or two previous occasions that business had brought him there, he immediately turned the handle and entered the room.

Editors' offices differ but little in general effect. Lakeley's surroundings were rather more elaborate than is usual, as became the dignity of the oldest Tory evening paper, but the atmosphere was unmistakable. As Loder entered he glanced up from the desk at which he was sitting, but instantly returned to his task of looking through and making a list of early evening editions that were spread around him. His coat was off and hung on the chair behind him, and he pulled vigorously on a long cigar.

"Hello! That's right," he said laconically. "Make yourself comfortable half a second, while I skim the St. Stephen's."

His salutation pleased Loder. With a nod of acquiescence he crossed the office to the brick fire that burned to the grate.

For a minute or two Lakeley worked steadily, occasionally breaking the quiet by an unintelligible remark or a vigorous stroke of his pencil. At last he dropped the paper with a gesture of satisfaction and leaned back in his chair.

"Well," he said, "what d'you think of this? How's this for a complication?"

Loder turned round. "I think," he said quietly, "that we can't overestimate it."

Lakeley laughed and took a long pull at his cigar. "And we mustn't be afraid to let the Seaborough crowd know it, eh?" He waved his hand to the poster of the first edition that hung before his desk.

Loder, following his glance, smiled.

Lakeley laughed again. "They might have known it all along if they'd cared to deduce," he said. "Did they really believe that Russia was going to sit calmly looking across the Heri-Rud while the shah played at mobilizing? But what became of you last night? We had a regular prophesying of the whole business at Brannell's; the great Fraide looked in for five minutes. I went on with him to the club afterward and was there when the news came in. 'Twas a great night!'"

Loder's face lighted up. "I can imagine it," he said, with an unusual touch of warmth.

Lakeley watched him intently for a moment. Then with a quick action he leaned forward and rested his elbows on the desk.

"It's going to be something more than imagination for you, Chilcote," he said impressively. "It's going to be solid earnest!" He spoke rapidly and with rather more than his usual shrewd decisiveness; then he paused to see the effect of his announcement.

Loder was still studying the daring poster. At the other's words he turned sharply. Something in Lakeley's voice, something in his manner, arrested him. A tinge of color crossed his face.

"Reality?" he said. "What do you mean?"

For a further space his companion watched him, then with a rapid movement he tilted back his chair.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, old Fraide's instincts are never far out. He's quite right. You're the man!"

Still quietly, but with a strange underflow of excitement, Loder left the fire and, coming forward, took a chair at Lakeley's desk.

"Do you mind telling me what you're driving at?" he asked in his old, laconic voice.

Lakeley still scrutinized him with an air of brisk satisfaction; then with a gesture of fluidity he tossed his cigar away.

"My dear chap," he said, "there's going to be a breach somewhere—and Fraide says you're the man to step in and fill it! You see, five years ago, when things looked lively on the gulf and the Humdar Abbas business came to light, you did some promising work, and a reputation like that sticks to a man even when he turns slackest! I won't deny that you've slackened abominably," he added as Loder made an uneasy movement. "But slacking has different effects. Some men run to seed, others mature. I had almost put you down on the black list, but I've altered my mind in the last two months."

Again Loder stirred in his seat. A host of emotions were stirring in his mind. Every word wrung from Lakeley was another stimulus to pride, another subtle tribute to the curious force of personality.

"Well?" he said. "Well?" Lakeley smiled. "We all know that Seaborough's ministry is—well, top-heavy," he said. "Seaborough is building his card house just a story too high. It's a toss up what'll upset the balance. It might be the army, of course, or it might be education, but it might quite as well be a matter of foreign policy."

They looked at each other in comprehensive silence.

"You know as well as I that it's not the question of whether Russia comes into Persia, but the question of whether Russia goes out of Persia when these Hazaras are subdued! I'll lay you, you like, Chilcote, that within one week we hear that the risings are suppressed, but that Russia, instead of retiring, has advanced those tempting twenty miles and comfortably ensconced herself at Meshed—as she ensconced herself on the Island of Ashurada," Lakeley's shrewd, energetic figure was braced, his light blue eyes brightened by the intensity of his interest.

"If this news comes before the Easter recess," he went on, "the first mail can be hampered in on the motion for adjournment. And if the right man does it in the right way I'll lay my life 'twill be a nail in Seaborough's coffin."

Loder sat very still. Overwhelming possibilities had suddenly opened before him. In a moment the unreality of the past months had become real; a

fantome justification of himself and his imposture was suddenly made possible. In the stress of understanding he, too, leaned forward, and, resting his elbows on the desk, took his face between his hands.

For a space Lakeley made no remark. To him man and man's moods came second in interest to his paper and his party politics. That Chilcote should be conscious of the glories he had opened up seemed only natural; that he should show that consciousness in a becoming gravity seemed only right. For some seconds he made no attempt to disturb him, but at last his own irresistible activity made silence unendurable. He caught up his pencil and tapped impatiently on the desk.

"Chilcote," he said quickly and with a gleam of sudden anxiety, "you're not by any chance doubtful of yourself?"

At sound of his voice Loder lifted his face. It was quite pale again, but the energy and resolution that had come into it when Lakeley first spoke were still to be seen.

"No, Lakeley," he said very slowly, "it's not the sort of moment in which a man doubts himself."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PLANETARY VITALITY.

Earthquakes Can Take Place Only on Living Globes.

A moon quake is now unthinkable, because the moon is as dead as a door-nail. Our satellite is "ever foreshadowing our own ultimate doom, like the mummy at Egyptian banquets," but in the meantime, if the Edinburgh Review has correctly conceived the teachings of seismology, the inhabitants of earth may console themselves for the havoc wrought through earthquakes by reflecting that they demonstrate the vitality of our planet. In that distant past when the moon actually quaked there must have been forms of animation on its surface. "Though the moon, by reason of its smaller size, was bound to lose its atmosphere, it must have taken millions of years to do so, and there may have been time for the cycle of life, from the primeval germ up to sentient beings and down again to the hardiest lingering plant cells, to run its full circle." The writer in the Edinburgh Review continues to develop this line of thought:

"Earthquakes are a sign of planetary vitality. They would seem to be characteristic of the terrestrial phase of development. Effete globes like the moon can scarcely be subject to the stress to which they are due, nor can they be very suitably constituted for the propagation of elastic waves. Inelastic worlds, such as Jupiter and Saturn, are still less likely to be the scenes of reverberating convulsions. Their materials have not yet acquired the necessary cohesion. They are pasty or fluid, if not partially vaporous. On the earth the seismic epoch presumably opened when, exterior soolidification having commenced, the geological ages began to run. It will last so long as peaks crumble and rivers carry sediment, so long as the great distribution of loads fluctuates and strains evoke forces adequate for their catastrophic relief.

"Our globe is, by its elasticity kept habitable. The separation of sea from dry land is thus and not otherwise maintained. The alternations of elevation and subsidence manifest the continual activity of this reserve of energy. The dimensions of the globe we inhabit depend upon the balance of pressure and expansiveness. Relaxation or enhancement of either instantly occasions a bending inward or an arching outward of the crust. Just by these sensitive reactions the planet itself shows itself to be alive, and seismic thrillings are the breaths it draws."—Current Literature.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Don't permit pretended friends to exaggerate your sorrows.

Any man is unreliable when talking about his side of the case.

Most people expect a dollar's worth of thanks for a fifty cent present.

To be successful one must know when to grant and when to refuse concessions.

A discontented person is bad enough to live with, but a self-satisfied person is lots worse.

Too many people think it isn't wrong to be about a man who lives a hundred miles away.

After a man has earned your business don't give it to the other fellow just to be contrary.

The average woman keeps a cook just long enough for the cook to peer into all the closets and get good looks at the family skeletons.—Atchison Globe.

Venison Once Cheaper Than Pork.

Time was, long in the early forties and the early fifties of the last century, that from the wilds of Morgan and Brown counties hunters would bring venison to market and sell it much lower than pork was sold in that day, pork being preferred by the Hoosier then to the red deer of the woods. It was in that time that an entire wild turkey, full grown, would sell at a price far below the present appraisement of a scrawny spring chicken, and a dozen quail could be bought for less money than it now takes to buy a dozen links of sausage—neither was the quail required to masquerade as "short billed snipe."—Indianapolis News.

Love and Kindness.

My dog tried to bite me. I liked the dog, so I kicked him lovingly in the jaw. He understood that argument.

My grocer tried to cheat me. I liked the grocer. I did not kick him in the jaw, but I told him lovingly that I would not deal with him again. He understood that argument.—Independent.

My baby tried to sleep me. I liked the baby, but I did not kick her in the jaw or even cease to play with her. I kissed her lovingly on her cheek. She understood that argument.—Independent.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mme. Bernhardt and Signora Duse have a mutual horror of being alone while traveling.

Mrs. Felix Adler is no less active for reform than her husband. As chairman of a special committee of the Woman's Municipal League she is working for cleaner streets in New York.

Mrs. Anna C. Speckels has filed an application with the San Francisco board of works for a permit to reconstruct the Speckels mansion at the southwest corner of Clay street and Van Ness avenue at an estimated cost of \$200,000.

Miss Jane Thornehill, sister of Lady Burton, enjoys the distinction not only of being a wonderful bridge player—she is sometimes King Edward's partner at the game—but of being one of the few women in English society who, like Mr. Chamberlain, can wear monocles with distinction.

Mrs. Caroline Bache Barnes, a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, is seventy-two years old, but never fails to take a daily spin on her bicycle, sometimes making a twenty mile jaunt. Mrs. Barnes is a professional nurse and is regarded as the youngest old woman in Vineland, N. J., where she resides.

There is living in Norway, Me., the pioneer orange shipper of California, Mrs. Rebecca Warren. Mrs. Warren, who is seventy, went to San Francisco on Vanderbilt's steamer, the North Star, and speculated in land. In fifteen years she had \$17,000 at interest. She was the first orange grower to ship fruit by the carload out of the state, beginning with cattle cars, which she had cleaned out and loaded. She later married Mr. Warren, and their brand of oranges was known as the "W. H. W."

TALES OF CITIES.

For the first time in 200 years New Orleans will open a system of underground sewers. Hitherto the city sewage has been run off through surface drains, some covered, more uncovered.

The New York authorities are carrying out a scheme for giving each class of animals a scenic background reminiscent of its native habitat. So, by and by, the zoo will be not only a menagerie, but an art gallery.

Melbourne has successfully resurrected the "Lord's day act of George III." That city is a Sabbatharian stronghold. No Sunday newspaper is allowed to appear, and every hotel is closed by law, although a good deal of illicit drinking is done.

Dr. Henry S. Curtis, supervisor of playgrounds of the national capital, praises the public playgrounds of Boston above those of other cities of the country. After a tour of the big cities on an investigation to learn pointers for Washington he returned and awarded the palm to the Hub.

GLEANINGS.

Holland has 330 miles of canals.

In Russia there are eighty-six general holidays in the year.

Over 22,000 umbrellas, lost in London, are taken to police headquarters every year.

More than one-third of the inhabitants of Zurich are resident foreigners, who enjoy no political rights there.

Card playing has become so general among German women of the upper classes that regular seasons in playing are now given in fashionable boarding schools for girls.

A year ago Mme. Duse offered a prize of 10,000 lire for the best Italian drama. Now the judges announce that among the 300 works submitted they have not found a single one worthy to receive the award.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

Mme. Modjeska has begun her road tour in "Macbeth."

A new play by Bernard Shaw, soon to be produced in London, is entitled "The Doctor's Dilemma."

Frances Starr has scored in "The Rose of the Rancho," David Belasco's latest New York production.

Mary Manning has started on tour in her new play, "Mistress Betty," written by Rida Johnson Young.

H. B. Irving is to have a theater in London in which Messrs. Nixon and Zimmerman will have an interest.

Nance O'Neil is so pleased with "The Sorcerer" that she hopes to be able to use the play for several seasons.

FLOWER AND TREE.

A single seed vessel of the tobacco plant contains usually about 1,000 seeds.

In Germany oak trees only live to be about 300 years old, while in Norway and Sweden the pines will survive for 570 years.

There stands today on Hannon hill, Beacon Falls, Conn., a chestnut tree twenty-seven feet ten inches in circumference eight feet from the ground. It is estimated to be 250 years old.

STATE LINES.

Nevada has the smallest population of any state or territory in the Union. It is less than 45,000.

Indiana is one of the first states in the Union to organize and index a library design especially for its legislature.

California has made it a misdemeanor to transport cattle, sheep or swine in carload lots for more than thirty-six hours without stopping for ten hours' rest.

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 124
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Saturday, January 12, 1907.

It is said that there is a possibility of more arrests in connection with the investigation of the affairs of the New York Life Insurance Company.

The death of the Shah of Persia does not seem to have created any feeling of unrest in that country. It appears that the people are attached to the dynasty and accept the reign of the new Shah without hostility.

Russia's troubles are by no means over. Hardly a week goes by but what a cable message tells of the assassination of some prominent official. Internal peace seems to be still far in the future, if it ever comes at all.

Three prominent hotels in Boston have been obliged to close their doors within the last few months. The managers claim that their financial troubles are due to the stringency of the Massachusetts laws regarding the sale of liquors.

Kentucky is again in the throes of a feud trial. The little town of Jackson has been crowded with armed men and the judge in the Harris trial has complained that his life is in danger. And this in a country that prides itself upon its civilization.

George J. Gould says in regard to Stuyvesant Fish's opinion of an impending financial crisis: "The business conditions of the country look very encouraging and that the immense volume of business done by the railroads in 1906 will be surpassed during the present year."

The New Haven road has increased the wages of its freight engineers 40 cents and its passenger engineers 35 cents per day. The Boston & Maine has increased the wages of its engineers 25 cents per day, and the Albany will grant an increase of 40 cents per day after Feb. 1.

Not content with earthquake and its attendant horrors, with municipal corruption, with unionism retarding the city's growth, San Francisco now has added to its misfortunes the imminent danger of a coal famine. The price of coal has gone way up and there is said to be no more than a week's supply in sight. Verily, San Francisco has been having an unhappy time during the past year.

Mayor Clarke on assuming the duties of his new office promised to do his best to carry out the spirit of the new charter, which provides for a non-partisan government. He has started courageously and well by checking the attempt of members of his own political party to turn out of office an efficient man in order to make room for a party worker.

It is said that President Roosevelt, unless the Senate adopts another policy, is determined to hold the elections in a few months and then turn the country over to a new republic, withdrawing the American troops. The result would surely be a Liberal government. It is the only party organized or possible of organization. Of the Liberals 73 per cent are negroes and the remainder white politicians.

Is the President going to modify his order in regard to the dismissal of the colored troops? That seems to be the impression in Washington. But according to all accounts the modification will not be a radical one, if made at all. Rumor has it that the President intends to give the discharged soldiers a chance to accept civil employment under the government if they find the opportunity.

It is to be hoped that the Attorney General of New York will have no unnecessary delay in counting the ballots that he selected. Either McClellan was elected mayor of Greater New York, or else Hearst was. A full and fair count ought not to be feared by either but the longer the controversy rages, the longer will the public be stirred up. Let the agony over with as soon as possible.

General Assembly.

The second week of the session of the General Assembly has not seen a great deal of business transacted. The House has been struggling with its rules ever since the opening of the session and has but just succeeded in adopting them. The minority has been provocative of continual delay, but the rules were adopted as presented with the exception of the creation of a committee on labor.

The Senate has been reasonably quiet this week. An amendment to the constitution has been introduced to provide for a Senate of twenty members, the representation being based upon population. This would give Newport county one Senator and the city of Providence nine. A bill to prevent lobbying is under consideration by the committee on rules and orders.

The principal interest of the members of the General Assembly centers in the election of a United States Senator, which occurs next Tuesday. No caucus has been held by the Republicans and the fight will be waged on the floor.

Agricultural Instruction.

Georgia is to enter upon an elaborate scheme of agricultural education. Eleven schools—one in each congressional district—will fit students for entrance to the State college of agriculture. Pupils in the schools will be freed and an arrangement has been made to pay students who meet all the requirements of study and labor—practical farming and work in the fields, fath and bench will be parts of the prescribed course—one hundred dollars per year. Immediate supervisory control will be vested in boards of trustees composed of one member from each county in the district and the counties in which schools are established must donate at least two hundred acres of good land and provide the necessary building for carrying on the undertaking.

The expense of maintenance will be chiefly met from the inspection fees collected by the state board of agriculture, which, it is estimated, will yield about six thousand dollars for each school annually. It is a goal idea. Booker Washington has demonstrated that in a state adjacent to Georgia, where the Tuskegee school has taught practical farming to hundreds of students, and has greatly improved the quality of the farming in a large section of the southern country. It is probably true that what the agriculture of this country, north and south, east and west, needs today more than it needs anything else, is an educated intelligence which can apply modern scientific and business methods to all its branches.

How to get the most and the best out of the soil and how to market the product wisely and economically are the things which many farmers most need to know and observe. Some of them spread out too much, not having the faculty of farrowing to the best advantage, and possibly being ignorant of the value of concentration of their efforts, many of them are slothful and negligent, and in not a few cases the methods of marketing are enormously inefficient. If schools of agriculture can correct these drawbacks they will add greatly to the prosperity of the farmers and so to the prosperity of the nation.—Exchange.

State Senate Committees.

[Woonsocket Reporter, Jan. 3, 1907.]
One may firmly believe in the magnifying of the office of governor of Rhode Island and the conferring of the veto power to be overridden only by a two-thirds vote, and yet disagree completely with the proposition that the governor should name the Senate committees. Every legislative body, being responsible for its own actions, should control its own committee organization. The greater part of legislative work is done in the committee rooms, and for any legislative body to permit its committees to be appointed, and therefore the course of its actions largely to be governed, by an official not a part of the body and not in political sympathy with the majority, would be a legislative wrong, besides bordering on political imbecility. It is merely the froth of party oratory to set down as discourtesy to the governor or his party the course of the Rhode Island Senate yesterday in taking into its own hands the make-up of its own committees. If a legislative branch desires to place the make-up of committees in the hands of the governor, it is a voluntary act based on the harmony of the body with the executive for the time being and does not bind the body to such procedure as a permanent policy.

This question should not be confused with the law in Rhode Island which makes the gubernatorial appointments to office dependent on the advice and consent of the Senate, nor with the absence of the veto power to the Rhode Island scheme of government. These are entirely different issues. So long as the Senate of this State is elected on the plan that the constitution provides—a plan similar to that of the United States, and limited in many other States by a House of Representatives elected according to this idea of the town and city as a unit—so long as it is the business of that Senate to be the master of its own legislation and certainly if it has reason to believe that the executive is not in accord with it, it is indefensible that it should surrender to the executive that complete control which the committee appointments make possible. That would be in effect a one-chamber legislature with an effective executive check.

Senator Sanborn stated the matter correctly yesterday when he said that a mistake had been made in the past in the extending of an excess of courtesy and indecency that never again would be favored the plan, be the governor (Republican or Democrat). It has come to be the fashion in Rhode Island, as it has in the country at large, to inveigh against the character and capability of the Senate, but this is never more luxurious than when it takes the form of advocating an abrogation of its strictly legislative powers.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented for Antonio Peters the lower half of his house, No. 29 Edward street, to James E. Martin.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented the upper half of the two tenement house, No. 31 Thames street, belonging to Philip Stevens to J. H. Brown.

St. George's School re-opened the past week, after the annual holiday vacation.

Newport's Charter.

[Hear Admiral F. E. Chadwick in Boston Herald.]

The Herald of yesterday reprints the article from McClure's Magazine on the Galveston system of government. That system is an abrogation of a principle established in New England more than two centuries since, and largely held to to the present day; a principle which has been one of New England's chief glories and claims to the gratitude of our country. As the writer of this is of southern birth and rearing, this opinion is not the outcome of local pride, and I would recall that Thomas Jefferson himself had the same enthusiasm for the New England system here expressed.

The question before us is whether we are ready to give up government by the people for government by an oligarchy. This latter is what we have been under, in our large towns and cities throughout the union, owing to our desertion of the New England principle. Our only safety is in a return to it, by an adaptation to our larger conditions.

Monday was held here in Newport the first meeting of a government organized in character to that of Galveston and which, based upon the free expression of the will of the people, will, I am convinced, be in successful operation when the Galveston idea shall have long passed into the limbo of failure. It may be taken as axiomatic that the great majority of men desire good government. Were it not so the world would be continually on the retrograde. I do not think there is any escape from such logic. This being so, the question remains how to attain this free expression. Newport has chosen to do this by means of a representative council of 185, elected for three years, one-third renewable each year.

This council has, speaking generally, the powers of a town meeting. A majority of two-thirds are elected for one year, and these six men, the mayor being ex-officio a member and the presiding officer of the board of aldermen, have the powers in general of selectmen. They are the executives of the city. We thus divide the authority vested in the five commissioners at Galveston between our representative council of 185, our Legislature and appointing body, and our board of aldermen, our executive and spending body. The duties of appropriation and expenditure are thus rigidly separated.

At the first meeting of the representative council the chairman appointed a budget committee of 25. This committee hands in a printed report, a copy of which must be in the hands of every taxpayer voter at least a week before the meeting of the council, called to consider it. A referendum and initiative are provided for. Any taxpayer, man or woman, may appear before the council and address it upon any subject before it. All the aldermen, one for each ward, are voted for by the taxpayer vote of the city at large. The representative council is voted for by wards, only taxpayers, under the Rhode Island constitution, voting for these. The whole electorate, registered and taxpayer, votes for mayor. The municipal election is dissociated from other elections, and nothing political can appear on ballots.

The system thus gets back to the people in a very marked degree. The first meeting of the representative council has shown the reality of the system, working as well as its most earnest advocates could have hoped; the dignified orderliness of the meeting; the attendance of every one but two, and these two absent by force majeure; the results of the meeting, in the election of unexpected city officers; the earnestness which kept 180 of a possible 193 until 2 o'clock this morning, show what may be done when the people have a chance.

That such a system could be applied to Boston there can be little doubt. Boston, it should be remembered, was a town until 1822, when it had over 40,000 inhabitants. If it should not wish to try such a system for the combined municipality, why should it not redivide into autonomous districts, with such a government for each of the townships included? All to be under a metropolitan board for metropolitan purposes. London has 28 such municipalities. Brookline is an instance of how such a federation may be worked. Before closing, I would say to those upon the immense educational influence of the Newport system. Our people feel that they have at last a people's government, and this, let it be remembered, is what as a principle the world has been tending toward as ideal through all the centuries. Let us not go backward in this great principle which is the "very root of the matter," and out of which our whole broad system has had its growth.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington D. C., Jan. 12, 1907.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Jan. 15 to 17, warm wave 14 to 18, cool wave 19 to 21. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Jan. 23, cross west of Rockies country by end of 24, great central valleys 25 to 27, eastern states 26. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about Jan. 23, great central valleys 25, eastern states 27. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about Jan. 23, great central valleys 28, eastern states 29.

The weather features of this disturbance will be of wide extent and will make slow progress across the continent. Cold weather will precede the disturbance and its warm wave will not cause high temperatures. The result will be a low average of temperatures for Jan. 18 to Feb. 2.

Precipitation will be light as a general average of the continent with most precipitation in the country lying immediately east of the Rockies and in the vicinity of Manitoba. Elsewhere, particularly in parts of the great central valleys, drouth conditions will prevail. Last half of Jan. will probably average colder in the Ohio valley than elsewhere.

Strenuous weather may be expected about and following Jan. 12. Near Jan. 14 very severe weather is expected on many parts of the earth. A great warm wave is expected to cross the continent reaching meridian 60 not far from Jan. 17, followed by a severe cold wave.

"Well, Willie, I suppose your nose is completely out of joint since your little brother came."

"No, it hasn't made any difference with mine; but pa's is. He bumped it against the door when he got up in the dark to hunt for the catnip, right before last."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Washington Matters.

A Big Gift from Andrew Carnegie—Charges Against the New York Cotton Exchange—Interstate Commerce Commission Investigates the Block Signal System—Notes.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 10, 1907.

One of the most unexpected things that ever happened in Washington was the Christmas gift, or possibly New Year's gift of three-quarters of a million dollars from Andrew Carnegie for a permanent home for the Bureau of American Republics. Mr. Carnegie was a member of the original Pan-American Congress. He has always taken a great deal of interest in its work, and has been a great advocate of a Pan-American railway, which promises to become a reality almost, if not quite, as soon as the Panama canal. The Bureau of American Republics has had its home in Washington ever since 1899. In all that time it has occupied rented quarters and several years ago a plan was formed to buy it a permanent home. After some negotiation \$200,000 was appropriated by Congress and \$125,000 additional was contributed by the various republics in proportion to their population. This was enough for a starter, but still would hardly have bought and built the sort of a home which the bureau ought to have in view of its international importance. The matter was talked over between the President, Mr. Carnegie and Secretary Root, and Mr. Carnegie promptly came to the front with \$750,000 which he told the President in a letter he was only too glad to be able to contribute to the needs of the Bureau.

The location of the new house has not yet been decided on, but with a large sum of money in hand it will be possible to buy any sort of a site that the bureau desires and put up a building which will be satisfactory in every respect. There will be a large force of clerks to be housed, and besides the various administrative departments the bureau will have room for its special library which already contains 12,000 volumes, and there will be reading and writing rooms, where all the principal South American periodicals and newspapers will be kept on file. The enlarged Bureau will be able to do a great deal toward expanding the trade between the United States and South America. This matter is considered of first importance by the United States and the Bureau of Manufactures in the Department of Commerce and labor is doing everything in its power to foster this trade.

Charges have been filed with Postmaster General Cortelyou against the New York Cotton Exchange by Harvie Jordan and other members of the Cotton Growers Association who claim that the New York Exchange has degenerated from a legitimate business institution into a plain gambling concern and that it no longer has any right to make use of the mails for the transaction of its business. This is a very serious charge and means a great deal both to the Cotton Exchange and the cotton growing interests of the South. It is alleged that the Exchange instead of dealing in a legitimate cotton futures handles a grade of cotton which cannot possibly be spun; which is fit only for making horse collars, cheap mattresses and things of that sort. It is claimed that out of the 8,000,000 bales of last year's cotton crop only 10,000 bales of actual spot cotton was placed on the New York Exchange. It is claimed that the prices quoted on the Exchange range from \$5.00 to \$7.50 less per bale than the real market price for cotton in the South, and that the whole system of trading or gambling on the Exchange is harmful to the legitimate cotton business. It is asked that Postoffice Inspectors be appointed to probe the charges of fraud, and that on their report will depend whether or not the New York Exchange is excluded from using the mails.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has plunged into an investigation of the block signal system now in use on the principal railroads in the United States, and has begun its work in Washington with a specific investigation of the recent railroad wreck at Perla Cotta on the Metropolitan branch of the Baltimore and Ohio, three miles from Washington where between forty and fifty people were killed, and nearly seventy severely injured. This investigation is the first in which the Federal Government has taken a direct hand in probing individual railroad wrecks. The object is to ascertain whether the block signal system which is theoretically perfect, is practically a protection to passengers, and whether its adoption by the railroads has become so lax as to make it a positive source of danger. The railroad men both officials and minor employees have been so well trained in the art of forgetting things that it is hard to get any definite information out of them even on the witness stand.

The investigation of the Continental has so far dragged excessively, but a statement has already been issued to Congress saying that automatic mechanical devices for the protection of railway traffic have been developed to a point where it seems to the Commission they are well worth government investigation, with a view to forcing their adoption on the railroads. It is, therefore, very likely that when the present investigation is finished the Commission will recommend, and Congress will adopt some law forcing the adoption of an efficient block signal system, possibly the double block, together with certain mechanical safety appliances and will make their use obligatory upon the railroads on the same basis that automatic couplings and similar safety devices are now demanded in the construction of railway cars.

Orders have been issued by the Secretary of the Interior to all the land agents of the United States calling attention to the decisions which have been rendered in the cases of illegal fencing of grazing lands by the immense cattle interests of the West. Hundreds of thousands of acres have been illegally fenced, keeping the smaller cattle men from the use of range and it is now ordered that the land agents shall see to the removal of these fences and if they are not removed by the people who have put them up, that they shall be torn down and destroyed.

Mrs. Flip—I have just been talking to a specialist, and he says my brain vitality has all gone to my long hair. Do you believe it?

Flip—Well—or—I knew it had gone.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

"Did," asked Bobby, "what is biology?"

"Go ask your mother," replied dad curtly.—"She spends the most money."—Harper's Weekly.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets
Droghda and money in 10 minutes.
W. GROVES' signature is on each box. 25c.

To Abolish Carlisle.

Carlisle Institute, established at Carlisle, Pa., in 1879, for the higher education of the Indian, is in danger of being abolished. The sub-committee of the Senate committee on Indian affairs, which has the Indian appropriation bill under consideration, has agreed to report an amendment striking out the appropriation for this school. The reason advanced by the members of the committee is that school so far away from Indian reservations is not as effective as the western educational institutions for the Indians.

The appropriation bill, as it passed the House, carried \$169,000 for the support of the school during the ensuing year. The members of the sub-committee are not confident that the Senate will accept the amendment or even that the full committee will follow its suggestion, but they will make an effort to have it adopted, and if they fail a movement will have been started that eventually will bring about the abolishment of the school.

One member of the committee has said that while he was not ready to say that the higher education of the Indian has been a failure, he could not overlook the fact that few instances could be cited where the Indian had made the most of the benefits of his schooling.

CARELESS JAIL GUARD

Did Not Miss Prisoner Who Escaped From Small Squad

Boston, Jan. 10.—Within an hour after the escape of John S. Glover from Charles street jail yesterday, John Morrison, the officer in charge of the squad, had been brought before the grand jury, indicted for negligence, arraigned before Judge Stevens in the superior court and placed under \$1000 bail. It is said at the courthouse that the proceeding is a record in grand jury work in this country.

Glover's escape was the second which has taken place from Charles street jail within a year and one other officer of that institution is awaiting trial on an indictment charging him with a similar offense.

Glover was a member of a squad of five who were being exercised in the yard under Morrison's charge. The officer left the squad a moment and during his absence Glover seized a step-ladder and made his escape over a 14-foot wall. Morrison did not notice that there were only four men in his squad when he conducted it back to the jail, so that Glover had several minutes' start. The missing prisoner was arrested last summer on a charge of larceny and his term of imprisonment for the crime would have expired today. It was planned to take him to New York, where he is wanted on a charge of forgery. He is still at large.

Eight Held For Terra Cotta Wreck

Washington, Jan. 10.—The coroner's inquest over the Terra Cotta wreck of Dec. 30 last night held for the action of the grand jury H. H. Hildebrand, engineer of the "dead train" No. 2120; Frank Hofmeyer, conductor of that train; P. E. Dent, night train dispatcher at Baltimore; W. E. McCauley, division operator of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad; B. L. Vermillion, engineer of local train 66, into which 2120 crashed; G. W. Nagle, conductor of train 66; J. W. Kelly, Jr., trainmaster of the Baltimore and Ohio, and W. M. Dintrow, the telegraph operator at Silver Spring.

Deaths.

In this city, 6th inst., Daniel J. son of the late Benjamin and Mary Murphy, aged 49 years.
In this city, 7th inst., at her late residence, 15 South Baptist street, Abbie Ann, wife of John Hilton, aged 65 years.
In this city, 7th inst., at her residence, 73 Barnstable avenue, Catharine, widow of John Burns.
Thursday, Jan. 10, Mrs. Emma Sharpe, daughter of the late John W. and Frances A. Eaton.
In this city, 10th inst., Michael A. Sullivan of 27 Washington street, son of the late Cornelius P. and Mary H. Sullivan.

For Sale.

A Desirable Residence Near Touro Park.

This is an excellent house with over 5,000 square feet of land. Situation is most central and desirable. This place would make a thoroughly comfortable all-year-round residence, and would be admirably adapted for a doctor's office and domicile. Price very moderate.

A. O'D. TAYLOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
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Narragansett Avenue, Jamestown.
Telephone No. 525.

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Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Brent Wood
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FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
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FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

GENUINE REMEDY FOR BILIOUSNESS.
25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. *Don't Fail.*
CURE STICK HEADACHE.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JANUARY 1907.	SUN	MOON	High Water
12 Sat	7 21	5 11	5 11
13 Sun	7 21	5 11	5 11
14 Mon	7 21	5 11	5 11
15 Tues	7 21	5 11	5 11
16 Wed	7 21	5 11	5 11
17 Thurs	7 21	5 11	5 11
18 Fri	7 21	5 11	5 11

First Quarter, 7th day, 9th, 11th, morning.
New Moon, 11th day, 10th, evening.
First Quarter, 21st day, 10th, morning.
Full Moon, 25th day, 10th, morning.

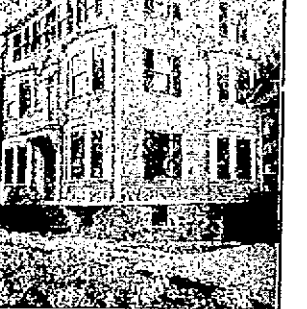
A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

Painful, Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAXO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 11 days. 25c.

CLEVELAND HOUSE.

27 CLARKE STREET.

A comfortable, pleasant home for Permanent or Transient Guests. Laying all modern improvements and conveniences. New throughout. Large airy rooms, single or en suite.



House is heated by hot water. Electricity and gas to each room. Modern plumbing. Hardwood floors, enameled walls.

Especially adapted for a family house. All home cooking.

\$2 per day. Special terms to permanent guests.

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Cornelius Moriarty,

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NEWPORT, R. I.

Just Out!**Six New****Panoramic****Post Cards.**

TRAINING STATION,
WASHINGTON SQUARE
BEACON ROCK.
THE BEACH,
HARBOR FRONT,
THE CLIFFS.

2 for 5 Cents.

SOLD BY

Geo. H. Carr, Wm. P. Clarke, Chas. D. Dadley, 500 West Street, Landers & Son, Wm. E. Mumford, W. T. Rutledge, D. E. Sullivan, A. A. Sings, S. S. Thompson, Washington Square News Stand, J. T. Allen & Co. and by the publishers.

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A Full Line of all the

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Improved Varieties**VEGETABLE SEEDS**

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F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to once by a competent man. The prescriptions found were on file at Heath & Co.'s and now on file at my office. Free optical repairing of all kinds. Optical prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

127 8:30 a. m.—3:30 p. m.

Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,

60 Real Estate Agent.

PERRY HOUSE,

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Under entirely new management.

Newly furnished suites with bath up to date.

Rates, \$3 up. Special Rates by the Week.

221 F. H. WISEWELL, Prop.

From Vermont to Philippines
Burlington, Vt., Jan. 9.—The 23rd and 27th batteries of field artillery, stationed at Fort Ethan Allen, have received orders from the war department to leave for the Philippine islands.

IMITATION ANTIQUES

THE WAY CABINETMAKERS CAN COPY ANCIENT FURNITURE.

Curious Inside Information That Was Gleaned by an Inquisitive Visitor at a Little Shop in an English Country Village.

Sober, he is one of the most interesting men I know. Unfortunately he is sober only three days a week. When I ask him the reason he merely says he doesn't know. Yesterday when I walked into the laboratory at the back of his little village shop he was a Band of Hope epizotized.

"There's something you'll like," he said, indicating a small bureau, old Spanish mahogany within, new satinwood veneer—so far polished—with-out. The veneer was inlaid with ebony lines and kingwood bands. The accuracy of the jobbing was wonderful, the finish perfect.

"You must come in again when I've stained and polished it," he went on, "and then you'll think it one of the best Queen Anne pieces extant."

"Don't your customers ever find you out?" I asked.

"Lord, no, sir! When you've pulled seventeenth century furniture to pieces all your life and learned the things the fens and mortises and the finish tell you, it's easy enough to get the right effect. The public hasn't any judgment, and, for that matter, many of the London dealers aren't much better."

"But this veneer—so very new," I hazarded.

"Ah, wait until you see it toned down and the drawers fitted with a set of old Boule handles and scutechons I've got by me and a few little dents hummered here and there, especially about the feet, where they get kicked. You'll not know it then. See that little black knot I've left on the face of the third drawer? That knot would take in all Warrour street."

He is always frank with me about his fakes. He seems to take a pride in being able to deceive a trained eye and a satisfaction in explaining his dexterity.

I left the bureau and began examining a hoary looking oak settle gray with age.

"Looks ancient, doesn't it?" he observed.

"Looks!" I wondered. "Surely it's genuine!"

He shook his head with a wise old smile. "It's as genuine as dilute nitric acid can make it. Oh, you needn't go by the panels. They're purposely warped with hot ammonia. The sun and rain do the rest—bleach it, you know."

"But the carving?" I argued. "It's almost effaced in places."

"It would be after half an hour with a sand blast, a little thing of my own contrivance. The worm holes I make with a very fine punch. Beginners use shot, but that's a clumsy way. Of course the timbers it's made of are old. They are bits of a Charles I. table mostly. The hinges are ordinary trade copies that have lain by the wet all summer and got nicely rusted, and if you were to draw the screws that hold them you'd find they were rusty, too, and had no points. Those I filed off and then hummered the heads a bit."

"I didn't know you treated metal as well as timber," I admitted.

"Sometimes. See that fireback?"

I went to the corner indicated and scrutinized the fireback. As far as I could tell, it was a beautiful specimen of hammer work bliten and worn by over two centuries of use, as its dyle, 1657, seemed to show.

"I bought a dozen of those of different dates from a man who makes them. They're only cast, but after they've had a bonfire over them in my yard for a week or two they get soft and look right enough, don't they?"

I admitted that they did, flinching a bit, though, at the adjective he used.

"There's a regular trade between the manufacturers of faked antiques and the country dealers—more than with the London ones. Why? Well, the manufacturers have discovered that people go into the country districts now hunting for antiques. They think the things they pick up there must be genuine. The simple countryman inspires confidence. There's nothing hardly that can't be imitated," he went on. "It's merely a question of time and skill, of course—and it's only by accident, or talking as I'm doing, that the fact's discovered. But when a man knows he can take in an expert, it's difficult for him to keep it to himself—that is, if he's got a sense of humor. Do you think that Sylvia would work they had at the Louvre would have been known as a forgery if somebody hadn't talked? No, indeed! There's a china, now. People always think it's above suspicion, but you just look at those two china cows on the shelf there. One's genuine old Stafford. The other isn't. Can you tell the difference?"

I used a pocket magnifying glass this time, but at the end of several minutes I came to the conclusion that they were identical and said so.

"I gave one and nine for the imitation one, but I can't tell which now," he admitted.

"And the selling price?" I inquired.

"Six guineas each. One of them's worth that. After all, it doesn't really matter, for there's no difference between them intrinsically."—London Mail.

Stole to Get Medical Aid.

A poor man in Vienna found it impossible to gain admission to any of the public hospitals because they were all overcrowded. He stole a pair of shoes to get himself arrested, reasoning that in the jail he would receive medical treatment. He was given the necessary medical attention and when he recovered his health served a brief term for petty larceny.

Leaves as Food.

In England beech, willow and gooseberry leaves have been used for salads, and not so very long ago, when famine invaded northern Italy, the peasants kept themselves alive on boiled chestnut leaves, not the nuts, which are their important crop.

CHURCH AND CLERGY.

The latest innovation in English church work is "apple dumpling suppers," which have proved a great success.

The report is current in Newport, R. I., that the Rev. Walter Howie, rector of Trinity church, is to be called to the rectorship of St. Paul's, the American church in Rome, in succession to the late Dr. Nevill.

The English bishop of Carlisle said in the course of a recent address, "Any fool can preach above his own head or over the heads of his congregation, but it takes an exceedingly able man to preach a great sermon which ordinary people can understand."

George Frederick Badley, the English architect, is to design the new Protestant Episcopal cathedral in Washington. He has long been known as England's foremost ecclesiastical architect. He hopes to make the Washington cathedral his masterpiece. Mr. Badley is in his eightieth year.

Bishop P. T. Rowe of Sitka, Alaska, an Episcopalian, has traversed in rowboat or canoe nearly all of the navigable streams of Alaska, has tramped thousands of miles across his frozen wastes, and, it is said, there is not a village or a settlement of any size or importance in his territory that he has not visited.

GOWN GOSSIP.

Many cloth suits in rather vivid reds are seen. These are usually worn with black tux fur and a black lynx or black beaver hat.

Lace is worn on hats quite as much as it was last year, particularly Irish lace, which often covers the entire hat over a foundation of cloth or silver.

Few of this season's chapeaux could correctly be called simple, while the way many of them combine materials and colors is nothing short of marvelous.

A garment very much admired is the fur pony coat. This little coat comes just below the waist line and if made of striped fur has the stripes perfectly matched.

Nine out of every ten hats one sees, it is safe to say, display somewhere in their makeup an ostrich feather, even if it be only a very tiny one almost hidden in the mass of fluff at the back or peeping over the brim at the side from under an avalanche of al-grets and other plumage.—New York Post.

THE WRITERS.

Marie Corelli writes that she "loathes America."

A German author, Dr. Johannes Muller, has written a book on woman's sphere, in which he contends that all girls should be taught nursing. "Nursing," he says, "is woman's military service."

As with so many successful novelists, it was at first the ambition of Robert Dickens to be something else. He hoped to be a musician and for several years devoted himself to musical study.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is to be celebrated on Feb. 27 by the Cambridge Historical society. A special bronze medal will be issued in honor of the event, copies of which, it is hoped, will be preserved in libraries and museums.

TRAIN AND TRACK.

The first electric railway in the world was built in Ireland.

Few gradients upon railways are steeper than one in sixty. Modern locomotives will take much steeper gradients, but they are not economical to work.

Iron ties are extensively used on the German railroads. They look successful. The railbed is certainly excellent. They are hollow, and the edges set well into the soil and ballast.

The Pennsylvania railroad has decided not to build any more wooden cars. The steel coaches and runs which are to be gradually substituted will have the great advantage of nonflammability as well as that of more stubborn resistance to collapse in time of collision.

THE PAINTERS.

The Chevalier de Martino, besides being one of the finest painters of battlepieces in the world, is a great naval expert. It was as a midshipman that he began his serious career.

Frank Brangwyn, A. R. A., who is considered by many critics to be the greatest English painter of the day, was once so hard up that he had to pawn one of his pictures, which had been in the Royal academy.

Holman Hunt, the veteran artist, has been painting for nearly sixty years, and the exhibition of his art in London at present shows how versatile are his talents. His greatest picture, "The Light of the World," took several years to complete.

ARMY NOTES.

The Norwegian army has an expert skating corps.

No man who refuses to be vaccinated or revaccinated can enlist in the British army.

An English correspondent at Peking declares that no other army in the world has such incompetent officers as the Chinese.

The German volunteer army corps is provided with thirty-seven automobiles, in charge of uniformed drivers, which carry staff officers to and fro. During the recent maneuvers the speed and convenience of the machines were highly praised by the tacticians.

Demerara.

Demerara, in British Guiana, was at one time a regular pest hole, 700 of the Royal artillery having died there in one season. But, owing to irrigation, drainage and all the latest sanitary improvements, as the advertising gag has it, Demerara is now a health resort.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Her Foot.
The girl who has a pretty foot
And knows it
Should be forgotten at times
She shows it.

Of course philosophers must all agree it
Is vain of her; but, then, we like
To see it. —Somerville Journal.

Of Course.
"We eloped in an auto, and her father came after us in another."
"He had to make a bluff, eh?"
"That's it. Had he really wanted to catch us, he would have pursued us on foot."—Louisburg Post.

Sure of It.
She kept a little X ray in the corner of her eye
To use upon occasions that were naturally shy.
So when he shot a glance at her she knew
"twas love's own dart.
For she saw it when it started from the bottom of his heart. —Judge.

Smiling at Grief.
"Does your husband go to the horse show?"
"No," answered young Mrs. Torkins.
"Charlie always goes to look at the horses, but there doesn't seem to be any show for him."—Washington Star.

Suited.
I like to quote the fragrant lines of Keats,
And often I am caught by Shelley's tone,
And yet for clever thoughts and quaint conceits
Give me some little lyric of my own. —Harvard Lampoon.

Her Shrewdness.
"She has postponed her marriage date until late in January."
"Why?"
"She wants to make sure of a Christmas present from him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Poor Devil.
He's looking not for honor great
Hard earned nor heaven sent.
He has enough to do of late
To keep on paying rent. —New York Press.

The Usual Way.
"Who is supporting Starleigh this season?"
"His wife."
"Why, she isn't on the stage."
"Who said she was?"—Baltimore American.

Try It.
A pin may drop in such a way
That nothing could be louder.
Just drop one that's red hot some day
Into a keg of powder. —Houston Post.

An Ill-Timed Jest.
"Living is higher than it ever was before," said the man who complains.
"Nonsense," answered the man who is rapidly jocosely. "Think of our ancestors who lived away up in trees."—Puck.

Heavenly!
"Let never wingless touch your lips."
My pa has made this law.
I cannot disobey him; so,
Bartender, add a straw. —Princeton Tiger.

The Whole Thing.
"Miss Lowder was in your box party at the theater last night, I heard."
"Yes, and everybody else within fifty feet of the box heard too."—Philadelphia Press.

Discontentment.
In converse over the telephone
Upon my heart she scored.
But when I met her face to face—
Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! —Puck.

Pretty Large.
"Why do you wear such large shoes?"
"I want them large enough to walk around in."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Timely.
When the streets are wet and muddy
And the paving stones are hid,
Then the chauffeur learns this motto:
"Always look before you slide." —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Penitent.
"He certainly has few faults."
"He has one great one."
"What's that?"
"He sings."—Pick-Me-Up.

Alas!
A kid stood musing on the ice,
With an expression hapless,
Because the skating was so nice
And his old bucklers strapless. —Judge.

The Limit.
"You say he is well educated?"
"Yes, he can talk every known language except golf and baseball."—Houston Post.

How "Pull" Works.
The horse with strongest pull
Must do most of the work.
A smart man's a such fool;
It's "pull" that lets him shirk. —Lippincott's Magazine.

Accounted For.
She—Mr. Dandeleigh is looking more like himself, don't you think?
Chappie—Yes, sir. His twin brother is dead.—Puck.

His Last Condition Worse.
On coming when he was bent,
But one sorry day he awoke
To the fact that he hadn't a cent.
For as he was bent he was broke. —Philadelphia Press.

Why He Was Discharged.
Hyker—What did the boss fire you for?
Pyker—For being loaded.—Chicago News.

Treats and Their Lawyers.
They've cornered our food and our fuel
Till the householder loudly complains,
And now, what's especially cruel,
They're trying to corner the brains. —Washington Star.

Tarnished Brass.
Brass that is badly tarnished may be cleaned by dissolving in ammonia a small piece of scouring soap. Apply this to the surface with a soft brush and then polish well with diamonds skin.

CASTORIA.
The Kid You Want Always Ready

Beers the Signature

Charles H. Fletcher

Who Was Sylvia.

Sylvia sat in the long meadow with the buttercups that matched her hair, and the forget-me-nots that matched her eyes, reflecting sadly on her vanishing youth.

"I shall be twenty-two on Thursday," she said to herself, "and I've never had a real lover or a proposal in my life. It's most extraordinary. All other girls seem to have so many. Must be Turner says it's quite embarrassing to go to a dance, she gets so tired of saying 'No.' But though Maizie is awful smart, I don't think I can be so very plain, either!"

Drawing a small mirror from her pocket she contemplated her reflection in it attentively. "My hair is really rather nice," she gently curving one of its golden strands round her finger. "And there doesn't seem anything really wrong with my eyes," gazing critically into their blue-gray depths. "It must be my nose that doesn't take," sticking its straight outline slowly. "Perhaps it should turn up; I've heard that men like a retroussé nose."

"Do they, indeed? Well, of all the conceits I always knew that girls were vain. But if this doesn't beat all!" a laughing voice cried, and the surprised maiden blushed indignantly as a tall, clean-shaven young man in uniform vaulted over the stile behind her and alighted on the grass at her side.

"Oh, Archie, what a plague you are! I declare one is never safe. But, Archie, before we go in, I wish you'd tell me something. You see I came out to be quiet and think; now, mind, I want the truth. Am I very, very plain?"

"Well"—his eyes twinkled again—"not so very; at least, some people mightn't think so."

"Well, it seems so strange; you know I get plenty of partners, and all that, but"—a soft convulsive dyed her cheeks—"no one ever seems to fall in love with me! It's not that I want to be married, but when the other girls tell me of all their offers, I just feel ashamed. So I wonder if it could be my face that was to blame?"

Archie Trevor lay back on the grass, chuckling.

"My word! Girls are funny!" he cried. "If that isn't the best thing I ever heard!"

"So glad you are amused?" Sylvia said, with dignity, "though I failed to see why. There's Maizie, for instance; Captain Burton is just madly in love with her."

"Burton? Burton of Ours?" Archie laughed louder and louder. "I thought every one knew he hated girls. Never goes to a dance if he can help it."

"That's because she won't have him; he's proposed to her lots of times, and it's turned him into a misanthrope. I wonder why she doesn't like him; he looks rather nice, I think."

"And so he is. The best chap in the regiment, though he does keep us at it so jolly hard. Miss Turner had better say 'yes' next time she gets the chance, he's ducked. But I say, Sylvia, if you're so keen on being asked, I don't mind if I do it myself; and what's more"—his sunburnt cheeks flushed, he drew a little nearer—"you need not refuse me unless you like."

"You're very kind!" She rose from her nest among the buttercups, and drew herself up severely. "I am not quite reduced to that yet. And as you can only make fun of me!"

"But I wasn't. I thought you wanted an offer, fair enough."

"But I want the real thing if I have it at all."

"I dare say you won't have so long to wait," Archie said slowly. "Somehow he looked less boyish as they walked rather silently up the meadow, and through the gate, into the garden which sloped down from the Manor House."

Sylvia's writing table was in the window; she was fond of scribbling. "Love letters must be delicious!" she sighed, with a dreamy look in her blue eyes. "I wonder if I shall ever get one, or if Maizie is right, and I am not a 'man's girl.' It must be rather nice to refuse some one."

She took a sheet of paper and began writing.

"Sylvia! Sylvia!" A short-skirted girl of twelve looked into the room.

"Mother says will you write a note to Captain Burton, asking him to dine on Thursday?"

"Captain Burton? What's he doing out; he won't come! Why doesn't mother write herself?"

"Too busy gardening." And Mudge hurried away. Sylvia wrote a formal invitation.

Captain Burton had just returned from early parade, and sat down to his breakfast and his letters.

"What's this?" he queried, taking up a creamy envelope, with a faint odor of violets. "Another of these invitations, I suppose! Bother the women! Well, I'm—"

Burton's eyes grew round with amazement as he re-read the missive before him.

"My dear Captain Burton—Your letter surprised me very much, for, though I can't help feeling flattered by your offer, I fear I could never, never give you the answer you desire! I am so sorry if I have ever given you reason to expect a different one. I like you ever so much as a friend, but anything else would be quite, quite impossible! I could never marry without love, and perhaps it is only right to tell you—in strictest confidence, of course—that there is some one else very dear to me, though a cruel fate keeps it apart."

Sylvia.

With a thoughtful air the captain conigned the letter to his pocket.

"If any of these youngsters are at the bottom of this," he said to himself, "at least they won't have the satisfaction of thinking they've cured my hair. But she writes a nice hand, does Sylvia, though she won't have me at any price!"

It was a lovely afternoon for the officers' first "at home" of the season; their fair friends had assembled in new summer frocks, the regimental band was playing, and fun and flirtation were in the air.

The fascinating Maizie Turner had apparently relented of her cruelty; for she smiled on Captain Burton. A little while her blue eyes dreamily as ever, stood Sylvia Glendle in a white serge gown. Burton's glance strayed to her.

"Rather a nice looking girl," he thought; "forget who she is; nothing of the garrison hack about her, I should say!"

"I say Sylvia, do come along, we are all waiting for you!" Archie Trevor shouted, and the captain gave a little start.

So that was Sylvia! "Can you tell that young lady's name?" he interrupted Miss Turner's smart talk to her.

Here Mrs. Glendle, an enthusiastic gardener, tore herself away from an animated discussion on the best soil for begonias to address Burton.

"You are dining with us to-morrow evening, I hope?" she asked. "I de-

puted my daughter to send you an invitation."

"You were very kind, but I fear there has been some mistake; I have received none, or should have sent a reply."

"How very odd! But Sylvia is so impractical; perhaps she forgot to have it posted. Still if you have no other engagement—"

The woman bated hesitated just a second, then, "I shall be delighted to come," he said, gravely.

Captain Burton took up his menu and studied it attentively. The handwriting was necessarily small, but its formation was familiar. Next to him sat Sylvia in pale blue gauze. She had rather a silent neighbor.

"Miss Glendle," he asked, "do you make it a rule not to talk to the man whose privilege it is to take you into dinner?"

"I am so sorry," she said, as she looked around at him in surprise. "I thought you did not care to talk—to ladies?"

"That is rather a sweeping accusation. And excellent as Mrs. Glendle's cheer is, a little conversation between the sexes is at least an aid to digestion."

"I don't know," her soft eyes sparkled mischievously, "that I care to converse as an aid to Captain Burton's digestion. And I am afraid," she added, hesitatingly, "that I never have very much to say."

"Perhaps you find it easier to write?"

He drew a letter from his pocket. "Did you ever discover where my invitation had gone?"

"Oh!" The color rushed over her face. "That was too bad of me! I found it this morning under some papers on my table. It was dreadfully careless!"

"Perhaps your thoughts were otherwise engaged. I must apologize for not returning this before," he added, handing her the sheet of paper, "but it was only yesterday that I discovered who the writer was."

Now the crimson wave flooded her arms, her neck, and her lips parted in utter consternation. "I sent you that?" she stammered. "Oh—what could—what could you have thought?"

"I don't exactly know what I thought when I got it first," he said slowly, "but now—I am only deeply sorry for the person for whom it was really intended. Poor chap! Is there really no chance for him at all?"

"Oh, none. Not the very slightest!" She laughed a short, gurgling little laugh.

"You have no pity for him at all?" he asked.

"Not the very slightest!" She laughed still more. "But Captain Burton," she asked apprehensively, when she had recovered enough to speak, "you— you will never tell?"

"Certainly not," he said, coolly; "the incident is quite safe with me."

They had been left behind at the picnic to which Burton had reluctantly consented to go. He had descended to eat an indigestible luncheon on a hard, grassy seat and a hot sun striking full in his face.

Afterward, he had escaped with his pique, "to get a little peace," while Sylvia had been taken to wander by Archie Trevor, who, however, had returned to the general rendezvous alone, and in the rush for the train her absence had been remarked by more than that of Burton, the other derelict, who now came back from his solitary rumble, find her gazing hopelessly after the retreating train.

"There is no other till the mail passes to-night," she cried; "what are we to do?"

They had scarcely spoken since the night of the dinner party, when she had disgusted him with her cautious want of consideration for the feelings of the rightful recipient of the letter which had reached him by mistake.

"We must see if there is any other conveyance to be had," he said. "We are only fifteen miles from home as the crow flies. They may let us have a trap at the hotel. Anyhow, the first thing is to go and dine."

She looked at him with perturbed eyes. "They were pretty eyes, he thought."

"I'm very hungry. But can I dine here—alone with you?"

"Starvation excuses anything," he said. "He felt curiously light hearted."

It was quite a merry little repast they had at the inn. As they slipped their coffee, while the horse which was to convey them across country was being put in, he asked, "By the bye, what became of Trevor? Surely you were with him?"

She flushed, her eyes cast down, so that their long lashes swept her cheeks.

"He was silly. I sent him on alone."

"Ah, poor chap! I see. You seem rather fond of refusals. How about the other?"

"I hoped," she smiled, "you had forgotten all that nonsense!"

"I want you to tell me something," he said, abruptly. "Sylvia, I'm tired of calling you that only to myself. Are you still engaged?"

"Never! I was engaged!" she laughed, and said.

"I refused no one. Oh, how can I explain? There was no one ever, except Archie to-day. It was all—oh—how it seems, nothing but a play!"

"Then if I were to ask you, you would not refuse me?"

As his arms swept round her, and his lips touched hers, she whispered "No!"—Modern Society.

Game Out of Reach.

Many stories have been told—in New York—to illustrate the supposed slowness of Philadelphia, but probably the prize winner of them all is one which is now going the rounds.

A Philadelphia visiting in New York ordered some snails in a restaurant. They pleased him.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In reading matter to this department the following rules must be observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries brief and consistent with the facts. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. Transferring queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to:
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1907.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST

HIS

DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES

WITH

NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

(Salem Town is believed to have been settled by the son of Salem, Mass., hence its name); mentions wife Sarah, sole heiress of real and personal estate, with legacies to Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Blumfield (Bromfield) of Boston William Blumfield (Bromfield) of Alloway Creek, Salem Co. made his will Nov. 6, 1713, naming William Hall his executor; Thomas Blumfield, Jr. of Woodbridge made his will Feb. 16, 1678; gives to brother Ezekiel Blumfield, to aged father and mother, to cousin Elizabeth, dau. of John Dennis, to cousin Jonathan and David Dunham, sons of brother-in-law Jonathan Dunham, to brother Nath. Blumfield, to cousin John and Saml. Dennis, to cousin Wm. Thornton, to my boy Matthew Moore, to brother John Blumfield; and to Mary daughter of Ezekiel Lewis of Boston, merchant.

Executor, wife Sarah and her father William Hall, and Clement Plumstead of Philadelphia, merchant. (Sarah Clement was the second wife of William Hall and Clement Plumstead was brother of William Hall as given in Hall's will, and Sarah Blumfield was daughter of William Hall). Witnesses—Isaac Penion, George Trenchard (son-in-law of Wm. Hall), James Wiggins, Hannah Hall (daughter of Wm. Hall), George Gray Jr. Proved Feb. 19, 1712.

The inventory of personal estate of William Hall showed the amount of 1574 pounds, consisting of dry goods, hardware, groceries and a negro girl of 30 pounds, real estate valued at 449 pounds, which Hall in his will mentions as Pilgrimage Plantation, land in Essex, N. J., land on Pains Neck, land at Nantuxett, land on Morris River with a sawmill; William Hall also mentions daughters Hannah Hall and Elizabeth Trenchard, Executors of will of William Hall were wife Sarah and brother Clement Plumstead, who renounced his right as executor Nov. 28, 1714; Will proved Feb. 10, 1713; inventory 4656 pounds, 18 shillings (Libert 1, p. 457).

This Clement Plumstead, who married Sarah, daughter of William Blumfield in 1708, as her second husband, Aug. 20, 1700, with Samuel Carpenter held power of attorney given them by Clement Plumstead of London, Eng., to collect debts due him by George Willocks of East Jersey (Libert 1, p. 246) East Jersey deeds. Willocks was general agent of London Plumstead. He a Jersey Proprietor for April 6, 1699 confirmation to Clement Plumstead of 2700 acres on Crosswicks Creek in Monmouth Co., N. J., in full of his second division, having in 1688 with Thomas Cooper of London, Eng., merchant tailor, and Hugh Hartsborne of London, Eng., skinner, and Ambrose Groomer, mariner of Slapling, and others, received a Patent for East Jersey lands from James, Duke of York and Albany, and the same year they all made Thomas Deel their agent on receiving land at Amboy Point, and in 1688 they all shared in 2000 acres at Somerset Co., N. J., and Clement Plumstead of London had his share, as a Proprietor, of 2250 acres in Middlesex Co., N. J., and Thomas Cooper, as a Proprietor, received his share in same land.

To be continued.

Aug. 6, 1698. Order by Proprietors in London, Old England to the Governor and Council in East Jersey, for a survey of lands patented to Clement Plumstead, mentioned below with the Biddles.

Next children of James (2) Clement were:
Thomas (3) Clement, b. 1674.
John (3) Clement, b. 1676.
Jacob (3) Clement, b. 1678; m. Ann (Harrison dau. Samuel).

Mary (3) Clement, b. 1683; m. Joseph Baker, and lived on south side of Cape's Creek; m. at house of John Blumfield at Alloway.

Their grandfather, Gregory (1) Clement, merchant, of London, Eng. and a trader with Spain, was elected to Parliament, in 1610, and sat one of the Judges at trial of King Charles I. of England. For this he was arrested May 20, 1660, tried and executed. This the cause of his son James coming to Long Island.

Samuel Clement, son of Gregory, married Rebecca (Cotton, dau. of Joseph and Catherine), and in 1736, Joseph Collins and wife conveyed to Samuel, Clement and wife, a large tract at Haddonsfield, here Samuel Clement lived for years, a Friend, and a Surveyor. In 1737, Samuel was struck by lightning. He served in the Assembly of N. J. as late as 1768 (Clement's First Settlers of New York and N. J. Archives Vol. II, p. 605).

Sarah (3) Clement, b. 1685.

Nathan (3) Clement, b. 1687.

Joseph (2) Cooper, (William), above said, third child of his parents, b. in 1682, in Colchester, Amer-ham, Herts, England, came to Burlington, N. J. in 1679 or 80, where he bought 300 acres at Pine Point, where Coopers Creek joins the Delaware River.

In 1709, Joseph Cooper conveyed 200 acres of this land to his son Joseph who died in 1781, his father dying in 1710. (Clement Settlers of New York, p. 86).

Joseph (2) Cooper married Lydia Riggs, an Irish lady living in Philadelphia, Pa., daughter of George Riggs; their children were:

Leane (3) Cooper married Hannah (Conte, daughter of Marmaduke and Ann Conte of Burlington, N. J. Marmaduke made his will, Nov. 6, 1728, mentions his daughter Hannah as wife of Isaac Cooper; also mentions

his daughter Mary, wife of Caleb Raper (or Roper, son of Thomas of Burlington, locksmith, and wife Abigail (Perkins, daughter of William Perkins, as found in a deed given Abigail by her father when he gave her 300 acres lying on Runkus River). This Thomas Roper made his will July 15, 1715 names children Caleb, Joshua, Mary, Abigail, Martha, and wife Abigail; Marmaduke Conte mentions also in his will Edy, wife of Thomas Newbold, and his son William Conte; mentions a farm in New Hanover township N. J., and 5 or 6 acres in Hainbridge, Currituck Parish, Somers-etshire, England, with a house and 500 acres in Pennsylvania, near White Marsh; gives legacies to Abraham Farington of Chesterfield (who m. Phebe Buntline dau. Samuel and Mary, 15 mo; 1725), and to Peter Fearon, and to Friends Monthly Meeting in Burlington.

Isaac (3) Cooper and wife Hannah (Riggs) lived one and one half miles from Philadelphia, on a plantation consisting of 80 acres of ploughing land, 20 acres of drained meadows, 30 acres of good orchard, one half of sparrow grass, and a good dwelling house, a well of good water and a pump, a barn, still house and still, store house with cellar underneath, elder house and utensils for making cider, milk house and out houses, when it was offered for sale, March 9, 1752, in the New York Gazette.

Joseph (3) Cooper married Mary Hudson, daughter of John and Mary, he of Wellingborough, Burlington Co. N. J., when he made his will Jan. 9, 1704, mentions his wife Mary and son John, under 21, and daughter Mary under 15 years, and a home farm of 300 acres. Witnesses, Thomas Lippincott and Daniel and Thomas Eves (Ives). Wife Mary (Hudson) died and Isaac m. (2) Hannah Dent.

To be continued.

QUERIES.

6226. PECKHAM—Samuel Peckham resided in Durham, Mass., 1818. In the year 1823, he resided at Newport, R. I., with wife and 4 children. Served as a drummer boy on Sloop "Providence". Can any one give me the parentage of said Samuel, also maiden name of his wife, and names of their children.—S. A. S.

6227. STANTON—Mary Stanton, b. Nov. 23, 1751, at Richmond, R. I., daughter of John Stanton and wife Sarahannah Lamphere. She married Samuel Peckham, and was living in 1826. Would like to learn the parentage of Samuel Peckham and the names of their children.—S. A. S.

6228. RIDER—Prudence Rider, of Rhode Island, born about 1750 or 1760. Whom did she marry? What children did they have?—A. R. R.

6229. CLARKE—Elizabeth Clarke, b. 1747, of Rhode Island. Whom did she marry and who were the children?—A. B. C.

6230. CARD—Elizabeth Card, of Rhode Island, born about 1750, married a minister. What was his name, and what were the names of their children?—A. B. C.

6231. PECKHAM—Thomas Peckham (Thomas, John), a carpenter by trade. When was he born? Is this the Thomas Peckham spoken of as coming to New London, Conn., and performing the rite of baptism at the Cove? He married Sarah Brown, Oct. 4, 1722, daughter of Samuel, of Bristol, R. I. He had a daughter Mary, who married Ezekiel Hatch. Will some one who is a descendant give the other children?—T. B. P.

6232. NEWTON—Would like early history of Thomas Newton, who married Ap. 16, 1618, Joan Smith, of Norwich. Would like dates of birth and death.—R. J.

6233. JENKINS—Who were the parents of Richard Jenkins, of Bristol, R. I., who died Feb. 25, 1791; married Mary Wilkins, daughter of John. When were they married?—R. J.

6234. TAYLOR—Would like ancestry of Mary Taylor, of South Kings-town, R. I., who died Ap. 21, 1774, married as his second wife, John Gardner. He was born 1696, died 1770. Would like dates of her birth and marriage, also list of children.—R. J.

6235. WARD—Has any one the maiden name and ancestry of the wife of John Ward, of Gloucester, England, afterward of Newport, R. I. He was born 1619, died April, 1698, but I have no information of his wife or date and place of marriage.—S. R.

6236. THOMAS—Would like name and parentage of wife of Nathaniel Thomas, of Marshfield, Mass., who died Feb. 13, 1675. They had a daughter Mary. When was she born, and what were the dates of death and her marriage to Simon Ray of New Shoreham, R. I.—S. R.

6237. FITZGERALD—Who were the ancestors of Elephel Fitzgerald, of Durham, Mass., who married Elixer Slocum. She died 1748. When were they married? Who were their children?—M. G.

6238. SCOTT—Who were the parents of Rebecca, wife of John Scott, of Smithfield, R. I., whose son Silvanus was born 1672. Would like other information concerning John and Rebecca.—J. W.

Election of Officers.

Father Matthew Total Abstinence Society.

President—Daniel E. Doherty.
Vice President—James M. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary—John X. Kerins.
Financial Secretary—J. Joseph M. Martin.
Treasurer—Benjamin Carter.
Auditors—Patrick J. Leeson.
Moderator—Michael P. Murphy.
Ergant at Arms—William P. Egan.
Board of Directors—J. J. Sullivan, James J. O'Brien, Thomas Keenan, John S. Martin, Michael P. Murphy, James F. Nagle.
Finance Committee—Patrick B. Martin, John P. Sullivan, Andrew J. Kirwin, Jr.

Ullia Lodge, No. 43, D. O. H.

O. B.—Paul Schoentzler.

U. B.—Herbert Olinier.

Treasurer—Peter Farber.

Secretary—Edward Otto.

Physician—Dr. Jacoby.

Sunshine Society.

President—Ida M. Carry.

Vice President—Isadore Lull.

Secretary—Lillian G. Vose.

Treasurer—Lillian Blanchester.

Middletown.

Mrs. Edith Olds, formerly a well known resident here, and her son, Robert Olds, who has just returned from Steeton, Pa., was guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peckham, Mr.

Do You Prefer It?

Some people do. Don't just take to the metal beds, rather have all the pieces all a like. Well, just to show you how completely this stock satisfies every whim and fancy and how easy it makes it for each one to gratify his pet hobby.

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Bed, Bureau and Commode, as graceful and refined in outline as the most fastidious would ask for. The wood is beautifully marked and the trimmings of cut brass are in perfect keeping.

The Bureau and Commode, both have full swell top drawers, and the Bureau is surmounted with a large shaped mirror of clearest French Plate.

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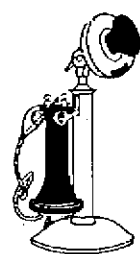
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LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE.

NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET.

Olds, who has many relatives in Rhode Island, expects to remain about two weeks.

The oldest woman in the town, Mrs. Rowland Lewis, passed on Tuesday her 93d milestone. She is living with her daughter, Mrs. Ruth Peckham, on Paradise avenue, and seems to good health, although she has partially lost her sight.

Mr. Joseph F. Albro, who has recently returned from Boston, where he has been undergoing medical treatment, still remains in poor health.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Brown, who came from Pomfret, Conn., somewhat over a year ago, are preparing to return next week. Mr. Brown, who has been engaged in the milk business, held an auction sale of his farm effects at the residence of his father, Mr. Benj. F. Brown, on Tuesday, which was attended by a large gathering of people. The damp air of Middletown has not seemed to agree with Mr. Brown, bringing on the asthma. Mr. and Mrs. Brown have made many friends during their short stay and their neighbors took occasion to show their regret at their departure by giving them a large farewell surprise party on Monday evening at their home on Wapping road.

Mr. Joseph A. Peckham, as a member of the executive board of the Patron's Fire Relief Association of Rhode Island, attended the annual board meeting held this week in Providence. Aquidneck Grange was represented by two members, Charles H. Ward, who has been treasurer for several years and Joseph A. Peckham, who has been one of its directors since its organization.

Mr. Wm. Irish, who had been considered critically ill since the middle of September, is gradually getting upon his feet again and is able at intervals to take short walks about his farm.

The 25th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Alden P. Barker was celebrated at their home on Paradise avenue on Monday evening, by a surprise party tendered Mrs. Barker by her husband, assisted by a large gathering of relatives and friends who came loaded with good things. The company numbered about fifty, although many were detained by illness from joining in the festivities. The guests had been especially requested not to bring gifts, so there was but one presentation, which was two cases of heavy silver teaspoons which was made in behalf of the entire company. Mr. and Mrs. Barker have spent their entire married life on Paradise avenue.

The Epworth League held an interesting meeting on Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Oscar Peckham on Ocean Road avenue, which was well attended. The affair was entitled "A Roosevelt Evening," and the idea was cleverly carried out in the house decorations. A battle-scarred flag from the Civil War excited much interest.

The program included patriotic airs and short sketches of the President, also a prepared paper by Mr. Wm. L. Brown. The League meeting was in charge of its first vice president, Miss Edith L. Peckham, and the literary program was presented by the third vice president, Miss Grace Channing Ward.

The annual meeting of the Citizens' Association will be held on Saturday evening at the town hall, when the election of officers for 1907 will take place.

The installation of Aquidneck Grange took place at the town hall Thursday evening, the officers being installed by Past Master Charles H. Ward, assisted by Mrs. Mary Charles Spooner. Mr. Albert C. Young, who had been elected assistant steward, resigned, and Mr. George W. Smith of Newport was elected in his place. Mr. Henry C. Sherman has held the office of treasurer since the formation of the Grange in 1893. Much credit is due Mr. Howard R. Peckham, the retiring Master, as he has worked very hard the past year, and that his efforts have been rewarded in the high standing today of the Grange, as 1906 was its banner year.

Supper, music and dancing followed, about 75 people being present.

PLOT TO SLAY WHITES

Alleged Object of Members of the Twenty-Fifth Infantry

El Reno, Okla., Jan. 9.—Relief of the army officers at Fort Reno that a conspiracy to murder every white officer at Fort Reno, beginning with Captain Macklin, against whom it is said many negro soldiers at the post entertain a grudge as a result of the affair at Brownsville, Tex., and the discharge of the negro soldiers that followed, became known as a result of the preliminary hearing in the case of Edward A. Twenty-fifth infantry, who was held on a charge of assault with intent to kill Macklin on the night of Dec. 21. Knowlton was bound over to await the action of the grand jury.

All of the officers now go heavily armed and protected throughout the night. Every effort has been made to keep the alleged conspiracy a secret, but it is learned that an investigation is now being conducted at several army posts and important places throughout the country and within a short time arrests of the members of the troops recently discharged without honor are expected to follow.

Conmissions Legally Deposited
Boston, Jan. 10.—Deciding that the decision of the judge of the superior court in affirming the order of Mayor Casey of Lowell in removing them as police commissioners last May was final under the statutes, the full bench of the supreme court dismissed the petitions and appeals of Messrs. Dow, Peterson and Beale, the deposed commissioners. They sought to test the regularity and legality of their removal.

Smalls x Beeding Stolen

Gloucester, N. S. Jan. 10.—The possible origin of the recent disastrous smallpox epidemic in Cumberland county was discovered here when the quarantine hospital was opened for the first time in 10 weeks and it was discovered that all of the bedding and part of the furniture had been stolen. The beds stolen from the hospital were occupied a year ago by smallpox patients.

Muzzles on Boston Dogs

Boston, Jan. 10.—Such notice to the public having been given as the city ordinances require, the abstermian order of Dec. 28 for the muzzling of dogs in Boston went into effect yesterday. The order says that all dogs within the city limits must be muzzled or restrained from running at large for a period of three months from the date of the passage of the order.

Five Vets to Drop Benefits

Boston, Jan. 9.—At the annual meeting of the New England States Veterans' Firemen's league it was decided to wind up the benefit branch of the league. The branch has been in existence for 10 years and has paid out in death benefits nearly \$55,000 in 10-cent benefits. Portsmouth, N. H., was chosen as the place for holding the May meeting.

Whole Family Asphyxiated

Burlington, Vt., Jan. 7.—Through some unknown manner, but probably by way of a sewer pipe, illuminating gas entered the house of George H. Devino, a grocery clerk at Winooski, some time during Saturday night and asphyxiated the entire family of six persons, consisting of the father, mother and four children. All were dead when Devino's brother broke into the house. The children were Isabel, 5 years old, Madeline, 3; Yvonne, 2, and Cecelia, 6 months.

"Johnny, dear," called Mrs. Ferguson, from the foot of the stairway, "it's six o'clock. Time for you to get up."
"All right, maw," answered Johnny. Then he curled himself up for another nap.
"Talk about your 'useless bones,'" he muttered sleepily.—Chicago Tribune.

"What do you think of our candidate's defeat?" asked the neighbor.
"Mebbe it's just as well," answered Farmer Corbitt. "It's often a heap easier for a man to make himself popular by telling what he's got to do than it is to deliver the goods after he gets office."

Guy—My wife made a brilliant remark last night.

Myer—What was it?

Guy—She told me to light the gas.

NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of this bank, held January 8, 1907, the following gentlemen were elected directors:
Edward A. Brown, David Brauman, Edward S. Peckham, Frederick B. Coggeshall and Ralph H. Barker.

At subsequent meeting of the directors, held the same day, the following officers were elected:
President—Edward A. Brown.
Vice President—David Brauman.
Cashier—George H. Brown.
Teller—Everett S. Green.
Clerk—Harold R. Chase.

GEORGE H. BROWN, Cashier.

NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of this bank, held January 8, 1907, the following gentlemen were elected directors for the ensuing year:
G. W. Taylor, Albert R. Sherman, Henry C. Stevens, George W. Sherman, Henry C. Stevens, Jr.

At subsequent meeting of the Directors the following officers were elected:
Henry Hall, President.
Henry C. Stevens, Cashier.
Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Asst. Cashier.
William Stevens, Teller.

1-12

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

An Ordinance in amendment of Chapter 15 of an Ordinance comprising the revised Ordinances of the City of Newport.

It is ordained by the City Council of the City of Newport, as follows:

Section 1. Section 2 of said Chapter 15 is hereby amended so as to read as follows:
Section 2. All permanent police officers having served twenty-five years upon said permanent police force, all permanent police officers who from injuries received in the service are rendered permanently unable to perform the duties of their office, shall be placed upon a roll to be known as the retired roll; provided however, that all permanent police officers who have served twenty-five years upon said permanent police force, and are physically qualified, may continue to perform active duty until disabled by reason of inability to perform the same, or until such time when said officer shall request in writing to be placed upon said retired roll. And the City Treasurer on the first day of each month, shall pay from the salary of each retired officer, the sum of five dollars per month, and in accordance with its rank at the date of his retirement.

Section 2. This ordinance shall take effect immediately.

(Passed January 1, 1907.)

A true copy. Witness:

1-13w DAVID STEVENS, City Clerk.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by Catharine B. Hillard, of the City and County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, to Lucia E. Wood, of said County, in the County of Middlesex, in the State of Massachusetts, dated September 11, 1902, and recorded in volume 21 of the Mortgage Land and Mortgages of the City of Newport in the State of Rhode Island, at pages 28 and 29 thereof in the condition of the said mortgage having been made and still existing there will be sold at public auction, on Thursday, January twenty-eight, 1907, at twelve o'clock, noon, all the right, title and interest which the said Catharine B. Hillard and her heirs, assigns, and assigns have in and to a certain lot or parcel of land in said City of Newport, and in the County of Middlesex, in the State of Massachusetts, by and of John Miller, 55 and 410 feet; Southerly, on land of the devise of Edward King, deceased, 125 and 840 feet; Westerly, by land now or late of A. W. Aldred, 80 feet; and Southerly by Connection street, 125 feet, be said measurements more or less, or however otherwise bounded or described said property, being all that was sold under the said Mortgage Deed.

Said mortgagee hereby gives notice of her intention to bid on said property at said sale thereof.

LOUCIA E. WOOD, Mortgagee.

Newport, R. I., January 2, 1907.—1-13w

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CARR'S,

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

Rhode Island Normal School

Spring Term begins Monday, January 8, at 10 o'clock a.m. Examinations for admission will occur Friday, Jan. 18, beginning at 9 a.m. Registration will be held at the Court of Probate of said Middletown, praying that said Lydia M. Ward, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said Lydia M. Ward.

Notice is hereby given to all persons in any way interested in said petition that the same will be considered and acted upon at the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twenty-first day of January next, A. D. 1907, at one o'clock p.m.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

1-13w

Probate Clerk's Office, Middletown, R. I., December 31, A. D. 1906.

LYDIA M. WARD, widow, and John B. Ward, son, have this day filed in this Court of Probate of said Middletown, praying that said Lydia M. Ward, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said Lydia M. Ward.

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